

R. NEWSPAPER REGY  
CEIVED 1 MAR 1869.

E Griffiths  
P. 63

# THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



No. 380.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1869.

[ONE PENNY.]

## THE RECENT GALES.

The hurricane that visited the metropolis on Monday with such severity was also general in most parts of the country. The damage done to the shipping was, however, not so heavy as might have been expected—a fact which may be mainly attributed to the timely warnings that had been forwarded to all the principal seaports round the coast. The Medway was crowded with a fleet of vessels which rode out the gale without sustaining injury; and other ports were crowded with ships which had succeeded in obtaining shelter previous to the commencement of the storm. At Sheerness the floating dock, the Bermuda, dragged her anchor, but was soon brought up without being damaged. Much anxiety exists with regard to a large number of vessels which should have arrived in the river on Sunday or Monday; and those that arrived yesterday bring alarming accounts of the terrible weather experienced for several days past. On the east coast especially the weather was such as has not been witnessed for a long time. Numerous vessels have been wrecked or abandoned; but the loss of life is not so large as might have been anticipated, eight entire crews having been landed at Yarmouth and Harwich. Four vessels were driven on the Gunfleet Sands, viz.: the Traveller, bound from Shields to London; the Jane, of Marget; the Baltic, of Wherry; and the Two Sisters, belonging to

Shields. All these vessels, as well as the Nancy, bound from Southampton to Sunderland, and the Tribune, from London to Shields, have become total wrecks. At Aldborough the lifeboat saved a number of lives. The crew of the Miranda, bound for London from Blakeney, Norfolk, were picked up by a Scotch vessel, and landed at Yarmouth.

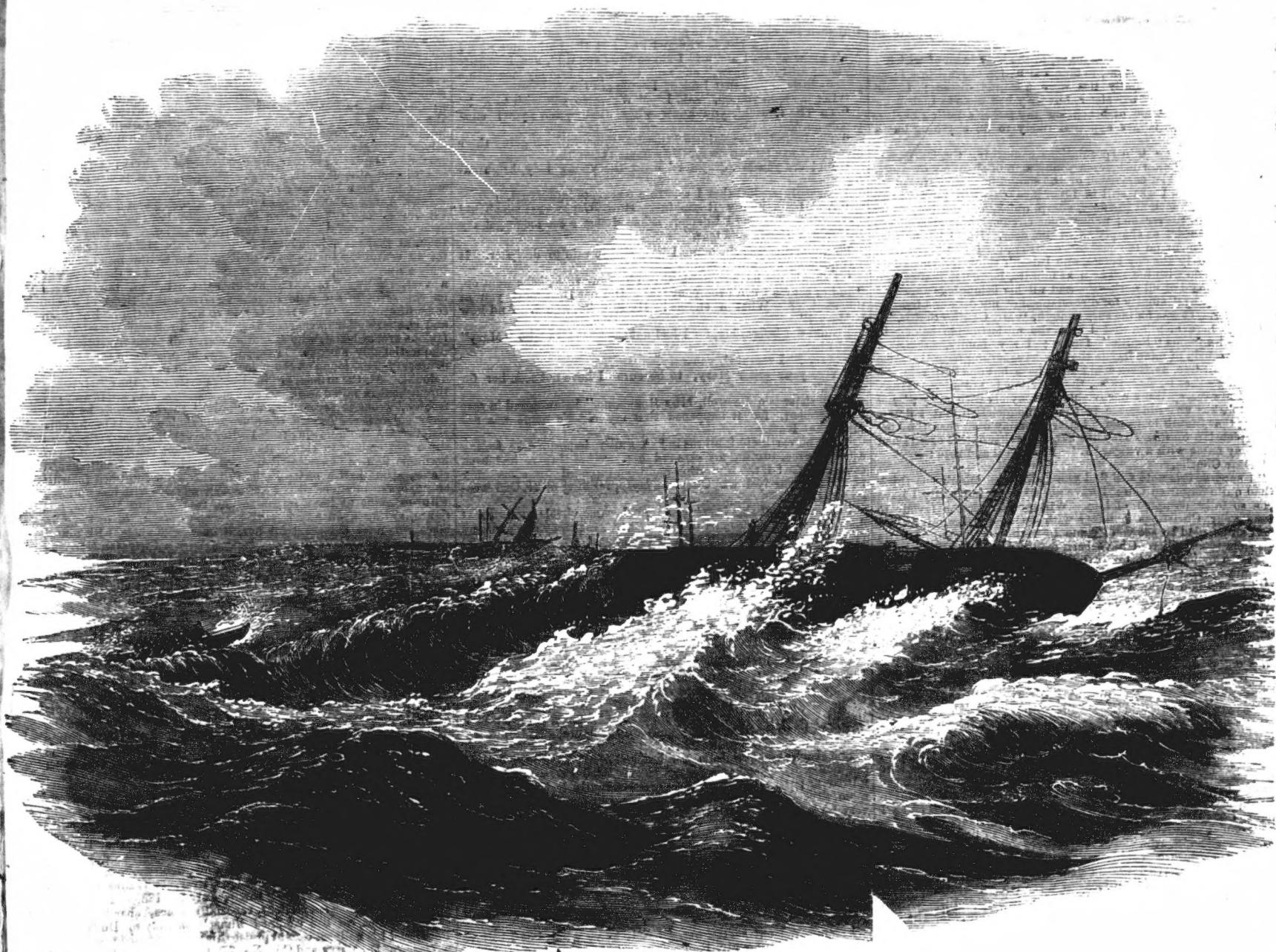
On Monday afternoon the gale raged with great violence in the Downs, and considerable damage was done to the shipping. In the evening a large ship was seen on fire, and the lifeboat Bradford was despatched to her aid from Ramsgate. She was found to be completely enveloped in flames, and had been deserted by her crew. She appeared to be a large American barque, and it is probable that the vessel caught fire while exhibiting a burning barrel as a signal of distress. The ship drifted through the Downs to the great danger of the vessels at anchor, until she apparently sunk on the Goodwin Sands. It is reported that her crew and passengers have landed at Deal; one of the crew, it is said, lost his life while endeavouring to extinguish the flames.

A telegram from Ely last night states that great floods have accumulated in the fens between Ely and Peterborough, many thousands of acres having been submerged.

## SHIPWRECK AND LOSS OF LIFE.

During the terrible gale, which swept the Channel and Coast of France on Sunday night from the W.S.W., a most exciting scene

was witnessed at Boulogne. At about half-past eight o'clock a schooner, which proved to be the Only Son, belonging to Teignmouth, bound for Dieppe, from Leith, Captain Perriam, master, was observed off the port, endeavouring to run into the harbour for shelter, the entrance to the harbour was unfortunately missed, and the vessel drove broadside on to the sands, about 200 yards to the eastward of the East Jetty. Captain Clarke, of the steamship Leopard, belonging to the General Steam Navigation Company, lying in the port, was among the first to render assistance. Observing from the end of the Jetty the condition of the vessel, he collected the men of his crew, and finding, with the ship's life lines and buoys, that it was impossible to reach the vessel, he and his men made for the English Lifeboat stationed on the pier; but they were unable to get it out without the permission of the Port authorities, who could not be found. His chief mate, Mr. Edward Bearman, and the crew then ran round to the Humane Society's house, on the Sands, where there is another lifeboat stationed. They assisted in launching it from the beach into deep water, and volunteered to go out; but the crew of Frenchmen rejected their services. The lifeboat, however, not being properly managed, drifted ashore. In the meanwhile Captain Clarke fired eight signal rockets with some spuyarn attached; but they failed to reach the stranded ship. At the suggestion of the boatswain, the crew ran round to the Humane Society's



THE GALES—WRECKS ON THE COAST.



10

12

boat-house and brought back a mortar and rocket apparatus, with cradles, warps, &c., but no powder. Some, however, was obtained from the Leopard, and the first shot fired from the mortar by Mr. Bearman succeeded in throwing the lime over the forecastle of the wreck of the schooner, which her crew at once hauled in and made fast to the warp. They, however, appeared too frightened to trust themselves to the basket cradle sent for their deliverance. Mr. Bearman then volunteered to be hauled on board, and in a few minutes the people collected on the jetty witnessed his safe transit to the helpless vessel. He then set to work assisting the shipwrecked mariners, who were eventually, seven in number, safely hauled ashore on to the pier; lastly Mr. Bearman was pulled ashore about half-past eleven o'clock, amid loud cheering from the onlookers. A painful sight was, however, witnessed near the entrance of the harbour. The lifeboat, Captain Manby, when liberated by the Port authorities, was manned by Frenchmen. They pulled out to sea near to the lighthouse, on the western pier, where the heavy rollers setting in, threw the boat broadside on to the breakers, where she immediately capsized, and two of her crew were drowned. The rest saved themselves by clinging to the lifeboat until assistance arrived. The inhabitants of Boulogne speak in the highest terms of the crew of the Leopard.

## MY CHRISTMAS VISIT.

By ANNA GRAHAM,

Author of "The Old Man's Story," "Too Late," &c.  
It was some years ago—never mind precisely how many—that I paid the Christmas visit I am going to tell you about, simply premising that I was a very young man at the time.

It was Christmas Eve, and what people are pleased to call "old-fashioned Christmas weather," although from all I can learn it seems to me that grey weeping clouds, streets choked up with raw smelling fog and black, greasy, slippery pavements were as common Christmas accompaniments in the "good old times" (?) as they are at present. Nevertheless, on the particular Christmas Eve to which I allude the weather was of the kind we usually welcome as seasonable, because it makes us draw the window curtains close and nestle down beside the glowing fire with such a pleasant appreciation of warmth and comfort and cosiness.

The fast-falling snow flakes came patter, patter against my window, very softly, like the tapping of muffled fingers. It had been snowing an hour or more, and the streets were now pretty well covered, as the deadened sounds of passing footstep and wheels attested.

Turning from my rather dreary window view of the eddying snowflakes and whitened rooftops, I drew the warm-looking crimson curtains, thus enclosing myself in an atmosphere of perfect comfort, and settled myself in an easy chair by the fire, putting my slippers on the low fender to toast. Upon the table near me lay newspapers, Christmas annuals, and a new sensational novel containing two murders, one suicide, a most atrocious case of bigamy, and two or three little matters pertaining to the Divorce Court, but none of these had charms for me on this special evening; even my best cigars had lost their usual soothing power. The truth is, I was discontented, *ennuied*, and miserable, and I thought I had good reason to be, for here was I, with my strong, social instincts, sitting all alone—alone on Christmas Eve, of all nights in the year! I said bitterly to myself that my only reminders of the festive season were the Christmas annuals on the table and a little bunch of holly in a vase on my mantle-shelf, which I had bought that day of a ragged boy in pity for his half-bare feet and benumbed purple fingers. Certainly the world used me very ill, for it apparently meant to leave me, without one remorseful pang, to eat my Christmas dinner in solitary state at my lodgings.

I had just come, a perfect stranger, to the busy town of which I now found myself a resident, to take a situation of trust in a large banking firm. My family ties were few and distant; I had parents, certainly, and one sister, but they had gone to Lisbon for the winter in the hope of benefiting my father's failing health. So you see my Christmas appeared likely to be anything but a merry one.

I was just falling into speculations concerning the Christmas prospects of my fellow lodger—a young man of about my own age, who had only taken possession of the second floor that afternoon, and whose name I was still in ignorance of—when rat-tat came the postman's knock at the door, sharp, quick, and rousing, as no other knock can ever be; under some circumstances it seems to strike at the heart as sharply as at the door. But I felt no particular excitement on the present occasion, for I had heard from my mother only the day before, and I didn't think the knock had anything to do with me. The next minute, however, Esther, the dirty little maid of all work—she and all her belongings appeared to have a natural affinity for dirt—tapped on my door and handed me a letter. It was for me sure enough, "Mr. Charles Smith."

I must here mention that I have the misfortune to belong to the multitudinous "Smith" family; I say family, because a juvenile cousin of mine insists that we have sprung from the same genealogical tree, as there could have been but one Smith in the beginning—that is, he says so, the assertion is not mine. However, I always spell my unenviable patronymic with a "y," not that it makes any difference in the pronunciation, but I flatter myself that Smyth looks much better upon my card than the horribly plebeian Smith. To my disgust, the writer of this epistle had spelt my name with a vulgar "I." I opened it and read:—

"Dear Charlie,

"I suppose this note will find you at R.—. Didn't you think I had quite forgotten you; I have not though; but really I have been so fully occupied of late. Will you do us the favour to spend your Christmas holidays with us at The Laurels? We shall all be glad to see you; come to-night if you can. I write this from town, where I have been detained some time, law business is so tedious; but I return home to-night. You can take the train to Grayfield, and Dick or I will meet you at the station.

"I expect you will not know the children, they have grown so much since you saw them last.

"I am in great haste as usual, so must lay my pen aside.

"With kind regards,

"Believe me to remain, yours very truly,

"J—

"P.S.—Remember me to my old friend, your father, when you write."

I have omitted the signature at the foot of the sheet, for the simple reason that I could not read it.

"Why don't people write their names intelligibly," I muttered to myself as I tried to decipher the hieroglyphics.

The name surely began with a B; no, it was an R, or else a K, I could not decide which; then I picked out a letter which bore some resemblance to an O, another that looked like a Y with the tail cut off, and a third which a trifling stretch of imagination might convert into an M, and there my success ended. Try as I might, I could not conjure up any reasonable name out of this mysterious combination of impossible letters; so I gave it up and began wondering who on earth the individual with the bewildering signature could be who addressed me as "Dear Charlie," and invited me to visit him at The Laurels. I remembered that my father had been acquainted with a gentleman who resided at or near Grayfield, a pretty little village about three miles from R—, but I could not, for the life of me, recall his name—I always had a bad memory for names—but I recollect his calling on us in London a long while ago, accompanied by two of his sons, both younger than myself; I also fancied that one of them had been called "Dick."

It was very odd, though, that this man, whose very existence I had nearly forgotten, and who had appeared equally oblivious of mine, should all of a sudden be moved to send a familiar note and invitation. Perhaps he knew of my forlorn condition.

"He must be in correspondence with my father," thought I, "or how could he know my address?"

At any rate I resolved to take the good the gods had provided without further questioning, so I hastily packed a valise with such articles as I might require, consulted a Bradshaw, and leaving a message for my landlady, who was out, I started for the railway station. The down train was due when I got there, and a few minutes sufficed to take me to Grayfield.

I stood shivering on the platform of the cold little station, and looking around me for the gentleman with the illegible name whom I expected to recognise, for I had a better memory for faces than for names; but of all the faces I saw there, not one presented a familiar feature to my sight. There was a young man who seemed to be waiting for somebody.

Could he be "Dick?" if so, I was evidently as utter a stranger to him as he was to me, for he passed me with just a careless glance.

I grasped my valise and left the station in a fit of disgust, resolving to make my way alone to The Laurels. I was told at the gay-looking new hotel near the station, where I made sundry inquiries, that The Laurels was not more than a mile distant if I crossed the common; if I went round by the high road the distance would be considerably greater.

I at once decided on the short cut across the common; it looked wide and dreary under its spotless covering of snow, but the footpath across it was pointed out to me, and I struck boldly into it, whistling a tune as I went, with a view to self-enlivenment.

No snow had fallen since I left B—, and the moon, now dimly visible through a veil of mist, shed a wan and sickly light over the white level expanse. Unfortunately, however, I had not proceeded far before this welcome ray disappeared, leaving me in almost total darkness, and one or two great snow-flakes, forerunners of another snow storm, came pattering in my face. In a few minutes the air was filled with them, whirling, driving, eddying, with the rising wind, and dashing in my face till they nearly blinded me.

Anathematising my folly in attempting the common on such a night, I stumbled on, trying to keep to the track in which I had started, but quite uncertain whether or not I was not wandering from it. Every now and then I went once deep into a snow-drift, or tripped over a tiny hillock, and once I plunged incontinently into the prickly embrace of a thorn bush.

I was getting desperate when I perceived a figure moving unsteadily towards me, a small figure whitened from head to foot, and staggering blindly on through the drifting snow.

Could it be—yes, it really was a woman, a lady, too, I fancied.

"Will you please show me the way into the high road? I want to get off the common, and I have lost my way," she exclaimed in terrified, girlish tones, trembling almost to tears.

The spirit of chivalry forthwith awoke within me, rendering me oblivious of my own discomfort.

"Unhappily I need a guide myself," I replied, "but I will assist you to the utmost of my power. Young ladies should not be abroad on such a night as this."

"I know that; papa would be so cross if he knew it. I went to Grayfield this afternoon to see a friend who is very ill, and I stayed with her till after dark. Mamma didn't send any one to fetch me, because she expected my friend's brother to bring me home, but to-day he is ill too, so I started off by myself. I wasn't a bit afraid, for the moon was shining a little, and I thought I would run home across the common, as it was the nearest way. But then the clouds hid the moon again, and the snow drove into my face, so that I got bewildered and lost the path, and now I don't know where I am, and I am so tired and cold, and I'm sure my boots are full of snow," she said, looking up into my face with a pitiful little appeal that I felt I could not see.

"Let me help you on," said I. "Where do you wish to go?"

"To The Laurels; you know where that is, don't you? most people do."

"The Laurels!" exclaimed I in astonishment; I am going there myself if I can find the way. My name is Smyth."

"Oh! are you Mr. Smyth?" cried the young lady, brightening up.

I modestly replied that I was that fortunate individual.

"And I am Fanny Roumaine. How strange that we should have met in this way! I declare it has almost made me forget my half-frozen fingers and toes."

So Roumaine was the name I had tried in vain to decipher. It was quite an unfamiliar one to me.

"I should not have recognised you by your voice," she went on, "and of course I can't see your face. Did not Dick meet you at the station? What a shame! He said he would. And how is Mary?"

I could not inform her, for I had not the least idea who "Mary" might be.

"Mary?" I repeated, vacantly.

"Yes, your sister Mary, to be sure I have not seen her for an age."

"My sister is quite well, Miss Fanny Roumaine," I stammered in sore bewilderment, for it happened that my sister's name was not Mary, but Kate.

What on earth did it all mean? A guilty impostor-like feeling came over me, turning my ears red hot. What if there had been some mistake? if the invitation had been intended for some other person; yet surely I was Charles Smyth, residing at 24, Clarence-street, R—.

Fortunately, at this juncture a light became visible at no great distance, which my companion, who had graciously accepted my proffered arm, beheld with great satisfaction. So, to tell you the truth, did I. It shone from the window of a little cottage on the border of the common, and towards it we hastened.

The snow had now nearly ceased to fall, and, guided by the friendly light, we soon found ourselves in the high road, and a few minutes later at the gate of The Laurels.

The house appeared to be a handsome villa, surrounded by evergreens, now swaying slowly and heavily beneath their white burden of snow.

I entered it with horrible misgiving, and a vague sense of usurpation about me, feeling undecided whether or not to beat a hasty and ignominious retreat before it should be too late. It was too late now, for I stood in the lighted hall, and there, for the first time, I had a clear view of Miss Fanny. She was a slight, pretty girl of eighteen, or thereabouts, with a *petite* figure, a bright, merry face, and a wealth of sunny hair.

She shook the snow from her hat and muff, laughing, despite her aching hands and feet, at the dismay of the servant who admitted us; then she led me into a brilliantly lighted, pleasant room, decked with holly, where three or four merry children were very busy about a Christmas tree.

"Mamma," said Fanny, "here is Mr. Smyth; I met him on the road."

A middle-aged lady and a young man, the same whom I had seen at the railway station, arose from their seats by the fire at my entrance. I looked like a simpleton; I know I did; for I was miserably conscious that they were gazing at me in astonishment, and that Fanny's blue eyes widened considerably as they turned upon me.

I stammered out something, I hardly know what, but I believe it was an inquiry for Mr. Roumaine, senior.

"Isn't Mr. Smyth greatly altered, mamma?" said Fanny, turning her wondering eyes from me to her mother.

"Fanny, my dear, what a mistake you are making," said Mrs. Roumaine. "This gentleman is not Mr. Smyth."

"But indeed it is Mr. Smyth, mamma; he picked me up in the snow on his way here, and brought me home. Perhaps it is a moustache that alters his appearance so much, and his hair is darker than it used to be."

I here bewildered explained that my name was Charles Smyth, and that I had come in answer to Mr. Roumaine's kind invitation.

"But—good Heavens! Charles, how greatly you have changed in three years," said Dick, starting at me. "I beg your pardon, but really I—I cannot recognise you at all."

"Mr. Smyth, do you recollect going nutting with us the last time you were here?" put in one of the children, a curly-headed boy of ten or eleven.

Here was a poer for me. Nutting, indeed; why I had never in my life been within five miles of The Laurels until this unlucky night. How devoutly I wished myself back at my lodgings it is useless for me to say.

At this moment there was the commotion of a fresh arrival in the hall, and in bounded—yes, that's the word—a little, bustling, middle-aged gentleman.

"Here I am, my dear; here I am Fanny. Now children, don't you want a kiss; here's papa home at last. I called at R— as I came along; it wasn't much out of my way, and I found Charlie hadn't had my letter; queer, wasn't it?—so I brought him with me. It was lucky I took it into my head to stop at R—. Come along, Charlie. And—horror of horrors, in walked my fellow lodger. I had seen him once that afternoon, and I recognised him instantly. Light flashed upon me, and confusion of face with it. My detestable common name had done all the mischief. The new occupant of the second floor also owned to the appellation of Charles Smith, and I had unwittingly appropriated the note and the invitation which were rightfully his."

Was there ever position so awkward as the one in which I had thoughtlessly placed myself? What could these people think of me?

Fanny looked agast. Dick stared, and I blushingly explained the mistake, winding up with a sincere apology for my intrusion.

Mr. Roumaine looked at my dismally countenanced, and taking in the absurdity of the whole affair, went into a fit of irrepressible laughter, in which he was joined first by my namesake, then by Dick, then by Fanny, and lastly by myself. Mr. Roumaine's merriment was contagious, and we all laughed in chorus; and strange to say, in about ten minutes I was on the best of terms with the whole party, and the guest, in earnest this time, of Mr. Roumaine, who, good, hospitable man, insisted on my remaining to share the Christmas festivities at The Laurels.

And a right merry Christmas we spent there. I joined in blindman's-buff and snapdragon with the children, played chess with Dick, danced and sang with Fanny, read Christmas stories to mamma, and talked politics with papa. Altogether, the week I spent at The Laurels was the happiest I had ever known, for was not Fanny there—pretty Fanny, with her bright face and ringing laugh and pleasant ways.

I heard her curly-headed brother Frank, who was studying English History, ask her saucily whether she preferred Charles the First or Charles the Second. She did not answer, but I think she must have liked Charles *premier* the best, don't you?

For I came very often to The Laurels after that happy Christmas visit, and Fanny and I took long walks together, and had long mysterious talks in minor tones, and at last we gave Charles the Second an invitation to our wedding.—*The Ladies' Journal.*

**AN ANTIQUE TREASURE-TROVE.**—One of the most magnificent treasure-troves, consisting of a large number of silver vessels of splendid workmanship (three barrels-full), has come to light near Hildesheim, at a depth of about nine feet. A piece of land recently bought by the military authorities near the so-called Galgenberg was, by their orders, being transformed into a shooting ground, and during the excavations connected with this process the spade of a soldier struck something which turned out to be a huge inverted silver vase, underneath which a number of other silver objects were discovered. Close to this there was next unearthed a similar vase, covering more articles of silver: and so from one mound after another, a large collection of vessels was dug up, which had been evidently placed there for the purpose of concealment. A few things were, as usual, abstracted and disposed of in the first moments of surprise: but the colonel of the regiment was soon on the spot to prevent further mischief. At first it was thought that the objects found belonged to the sixteenth or seventeenth century, and the name of Benvenuto Cellini rose to everybody's lips. Soon, however, an inscription found at the bottom of a vase, reading "L. MALL BOCCI. PIII. III.", put the inquirers on the scent of a certain Florentine silversmith, Bocci, of whom some fifteenth-century writer is said to make mention. But these and similar notions were soon dispelled by Professor Wieseler, the famous archaeologist, who at once declared all these treasures to be unquestionably antique. Inscriptions, at present to the number of twenty-four, found on the objects disposed of the last shadow of a doubt. All the articles are in silver, partly gilt, the reliefs being throughout in raised work. The feet, handles, &c., are in antique fashion, wrought separately, and affixed to the vessels by some tarry substance. Among the more remarkable objects in the official list are the following:—1. Remnants of a (cast) tripod, its three feet ending in claws, its ornamentation consisting of three hermetic figures of the small-bearded Bacchus. 2. A bell-shaped crater, about half a metre high, full of the most finished (chiefly erotic) ornaments. 3. Six handsome cups with inscriptions, with magnificent haut reliefs inside representing Minerva, full figure, sitting upon a rock, with aegis and helmet, the owl and an olive crown at her side; further, a bust of Kybele, with mural crown and tympana; a Deus Lunus, with a Phrygian star-emblazoned cap, behind him a crescent; a bust of the boy Hercules strangling the two serpents, of rare artistic feeling and truth. 17. 20. Three saucepans, with ornamented and inscribed handles, 1lb. 314gr. 38-40. Three bell-shaped cups, with handles and feet. The reliefs upon these are spoken of, both as regards composition and execution, as simply perfect. The number of the figures, representing the masks of Pan, Titane, satyrs, old and young, male and female, is perfectly astounding. 48. Cup, with feet and handles, on gold ground, with delicate relief in silver, thyrsus staves, fruit garlands, &c. 49-51. Six feet of vessels, with inscriptions, such as L. MALL BOCCI. PII. ZVI., &c., together with a number of minor objects, fragments, &c. The mere value of this trouvaille at the price of old silver is estimated at far above the 3,000 thalers which had been the first guess. Everything points to a concealment of this table service in the Augustan age, but the details have yet to be ascertained. Meanwhile, the excavations are carefully carried on.

**GRAY OR FADED HAIR RESTORED TO THE ORIGINAL COLOUR** by F. E. SEMBON'S AMERICAN HAIR RESTORER. Price 3s. Sold by most Chemists and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]

**NO MORE MEDICINE.**—Health restored by Du Barry's delicious Revalenta Arabic Food, which cures dyspepsia, indigestion, cough, asthma, consumption, debility, constipation, diarrhoea, palpitation, nervous, bilious, liver, and stomach complaints. Cure No. 68,413.—Rome, July 21, 1866. The health of the Holy Father is excellent, especially since, abandoning all other remedies, he has confined himself entirely to Du Barry's Food, and his holiness cannot praise this excellent food too highly.—Gazette. Du Barry and Co., No. 77, Regent-street, London, W and 121, New North Road, N. In tins, at 1s. 1d.; 1lb., 2s. 9d. 12lbs., 2s.; 24lbs., 4s.—[ADVT.]

## COURT AND SOCIETY.

## THE PRINCE OF WALES.

ANTWERP, Dec. 29.

The Prince of Wales has arrived, and has visited the citadel of Antwerp, accompanied by four officers of the British Army.

BRUSSELS, Dec. 29.

The Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia arrived her yesterday evening.

Their Royal Highnesses were received at the railway station by the King, and dined with the Royal family at the Castle.

Tuesday morning his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge left town by the Great Western Railway, and at mid-day arrived at Hamstead Park, near Newbury, on a visit to the Marquess of Donegal, who is entertaining a numerous circle of distinguished personages. Arrangements have been made for several days' shooting, and despite the drenching rain of Tuesday, the party started on their excursion. There was an abundance of game; and, the weather being more favourable in the afternoon, the sport was much enjoyed.

## THE GARDEN.

## THE FLOWER GARDEN.

WHERE cuttings of calceolarias are well rooted, and the weather is at all favourable, lose no time in potting them off singly into small pots, and keep them close in a frame till they have made fresh roots, or, in other words, have become well established. And as these plants are particularly liable to injury from damp or heat, it is very essential that they should be carefully watched. As pansies at this period of the year, and especially in the case of recently planted beds, suffer much from the ravages of worms, it will be advisable to give these pests a friendly greeting, by saturating their casts or habitations, if we may use the expression, with a little clear lime-water, which will rid the said plants of all further annoyance. While speaking of the pansy, we would strongly advise our amateur friends to turn their attention to the raising of a few seedlings. Carnations, pinks, auriculas, and similar plants in pots, should have ample protection in severe weather; but at all other times you should make it your business to afford them all the exposure to the influence of the air, and thus prepare them for the vicissitudes of the season. Give protection to the more tender varieties of roses at once, it being very hazardous to make any delay, upon the principle that "prevention is better than cure." That watering is of as much importance to plants as the soil itself, there can be but one opinion, and that opinion in its favour. Rain-water is decidedly the best for them when obtainable, and as such every contrivance for catching it ought to be brought into play; pond or river-water is the next best, and spring water the most injurious. Where it can be managed, the water should be of the temperature of the soil itself, as near as possible, and the only method by which such a state of things can be guaranteed is to have a tub, or something similar, in the very place where the plants themselves are housed, no matter whether the structure be a greenhouse, hothouse, storehouse, frame, pit, or room. It is a very common practice, with those who know but little of gardening, to pour the water either down the stems of the plants or over their foliage, than which there can be no greater error, except as regards the culinary roots, the fibres of which, being seldom far from the stalk, take no harm from such a course. It is well known to practical men, though probably not to amateurs, that most roots consist of two portions—main roots, which keep the plant in its place, and fibres, which being furnished with small pores, supply the above-mentioned with nourishment. It is these pores, of a sponge-like construction, that imbibe or suck in the moisture which, afterwards distribute regularly and equally between the roots, branches, and stems, so that one and all obtain an equal or more correctly speaking, sufficient proportion of the food thus procured. Evolving the best time for watering in the summer, the morning for giving moisture during spring and autumn, and the middle of winter, when most plants require very little, and some not at all. Bear it in mind, also, that on no consideration should they be supplied in dribs and drabs, but when moisture is requisite, give them a good soaking at once, and be done with it.

## THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

Earth up cabbages while the weather is right for the operation; and, indeed, every description of green will be the better for having this kind of attention paid to them. Sow a pinch or two of carrot seed on a slight hotbed, if you have one at command—that is to say, should you desire a few early roots. Stir the surface of the soil between lettuces in frames, and for the destruction of what is called the green growth, on the surface of the ground in between the plants (an annoyance which stagnant air is apt, if not certain to create at this period of the year), shake a little dry, dusty soil over the top of the said ground, and you will have little occasion to complain of its appearance for some time afterwards. Whatever you do, fail not to examine them daily for slugs, remove dead leaves, and in mild weather, for the better security against their being drawn up dispense with the glasses both night and day entirely.

## THE FRUIT GARDEN.

In the fruit garden there is little to do to save that which we have already recommended, but still the little must be done, and the sooner the better. We are told, "from small first causes great events arise," and as such it behoves the amateur to be not only watching, but active. Plum, pear, and cherry trees, as most of our readers may have observed, when in an unhealthy condition, are more or less infested with vermin; as it is necessary that such vermin should be got rid of as speedily as possible, we recommend them to have recourse to the Gisburn Compound. Standard fruit trees should be secured against rough weather by means of stout stakes and strong ties, and more especially such as have been recently transplanted; as should you neglect this kind of work for a single day, or even for an hour, there is no telling where the mischief will end.

A Horticultural Congress will be held in Manchester in July next, and should it prove to be successful, it will become an annual institution.

Really strong and cheap tea is secured by purchasing Horniman's pure tea. It has for the past thirty years enjoyed a preference in all parts of the kingdom.—[ADVT.]

THE MANUFACTURE OF WATCHES AND CLOCKS.—A most interesting and instructive little work, describing briefly, but with great clearness, the rise and progress of watch and clock making, has just been published by Mr. J. W. Benson, of 25, Old Bond-street, 99, Westbourne-grove, and the City Steam Factory, 58 and 60, Ludgate-hill. The book, which is profusely illustrated, gives a full description of the various kinds of watches and clocks, with their prices, and no one should make a purchase without visiting the above establishments or consulting this truly valuable work. By its aid persons residing in any part of the United Kingdom, India or the Colonies, are enabled to select for themselves the watch best adapted for their use, and have it sent to them with perfect safety. Mr. Benson, who holds the appointment to the Prince of Wales, sends this pamphlet to any address on receipt of two postage stamps, and we cannot too strongly recommend it to the notice of the intending purchaser.

## HOME AND DOMESTIC.

IT is estimated that the loss by the storm to the harbour at Wick will amount to from £20,000 to £30,000.

LORD CAIRNS has been advised by his physicians to proceed to Italy.

THE Government contract for 50,000 gallons of rum for the navy was taken by Lemon Hart and Son, of George-street, Tower-hill.

THE directors of the National Provincial Bank of England have again voted a bonus of 10 per cent. to all their officers and clerks on their salaries for the present year.

CAPTAIN F. BEAUCHAMP SEYMOUR, C.B., A.D.C., has been appointed private Secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty.

A COLLECTION at the Roman Catholic chapel of Queenstown on Sunday for the families of Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien, the "Manchester martyrs," produced £12.

It is said that Mr. Shaw Lefevre has a scheme for settling the Irish Church question, which he hopes to be able to submit to the House.

At the Dispensary for Skin Diseases, 56, Great Marlborough-street, Regent-street, W. (open on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, from 12 till 1 o'clock), 195 patients were relieved during the week ending Dec. 19th.

THE Roxburgh Castle (one of Messrs. Green's fleet) has just arrived after an extraordinarily fast passage, being 83 days from Madras including her stay at the Cape, from which port she was only 41 days. The same ship went out to Madras in 84 days.

MR. CRAIG, of Peterborough, county Tipperary, having recently received several threatening letters, has appealed to the authorities for protection, and has now two policemen stationed constantly at his house.

ARRANGEMENTS are being made for a grand volunteer review on Durdham Downs, near Bristol, next summer. It will embrace the counties of Gloucester, Somerset, Wilts, Monmouth, and South Wales.

We announce with regret the death of Sir Richard Mayne, Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, which event occurred on Saturday night, at his residence in Chester-square. Sir Richard, who was born in 1796, was appointed Chief Commissioner 1829.

MR. JOHN RAPP, Agent and Consul-General for the Swiss Confederation, had an interview with the Earl of Clarendon, at the Foreign Office, on Wednesday, to deliver a letter addressed by the Federal Council to her Majesty the Queen, thanking her Majesty for her sympathy and her munificent donation for the sufferers from the recent calamitous inundations in Switzerland.

A NUISANCE IN SOUTHWARK.—The practice of the City authorities, in having their street sweepings carted into the Borough, was on Wednesday week the subject of magisterial censure at the Southwark Police court. The owner of the piece of land on which the matter is deposited was summoned to show cause why he should not be compelled to abate a nuisance which two medical men declared to be prejudicial to the public health. The defendant produced the rebutting testimony of two other surgeons, who expressed a contrary opinion.—Mr. Burcham had no hesitation in ordering the prohibition of the nuisance, and protested against the idea of City refuse being employed as an agency to poison the inhabitants of Southwark.

On the re-assembling of the House of Commons, on the 29th ult., amongst the writs moved were the following:—Clare county, on Sir Colman O'Loghlen's acceptance of office as Judge-Advocate-General; the Wigton district of burghs, on Mr. Young's appointment as Solicitor-General for Scotland; the county of Kerry, on the acceptance by Lord Castlerosse of the post of Vice Chamberlain of the Royal Household; the county of Kildare, on Lord Otho Fitzgerald becoming Controller of the Household; the county of Louth on the appointment of Mr. C. Fortescue as Chief Secretary for Ireland; the borough of Mallow, on Mr. Sullivan's promotion to the office of Attorney-General for Ireland; the counties of Clare and Kilkenny, on Mr. W. P. Adam's acceptance of a Lordship of the Treasury; the county of Westmeath, on the nomination of Captain Greville-Nugent as Groom-in-Waiting to the Queen; and for the border district of burghs, on Mr. G. O. Trevelyan taking the duties of Civil Lord of the Admiralty.

DELICATE WAY OF DEALING WITH A DIFFICULTY.—A little incident worthy of note, but only observed by a few, occurred in the large vestibule of her Majesty's Chapel Royal, Whitehall, on Saturday last. The Archbishop of Canterbury (elect) was in the vestry there, and about to hold his last ordination for the diocese of London. The rule of the diocese is for all candidates to be habited in surplices, with their academic hoods, and plain black stoles or scarves (as worn in the Church of England for the last 300 years). One young man presented himself wearing an embroidered scarf or stole, with gold cross and decoration on the back. Just before the candidates were moving to ascend the staircase to the chapel the candidate in question was waited upon by one of the archbishop's chaplains, with a kind message from his grace and the present of a plain black silk scarf, which he was asked to substitute for the one he had on. To this, it is only honourable to the young man to say, he at once readily and courteously acceded.

DOG LICENSES.—The duty payable by its owner for each dog, of whatever description, is five shillings. Dogs under the age of six months are, however, exempt from duty. The license terminates on the 31st December following the date of issue, and no license can be granted for a less sum than the duty for a whole year. The penalty for keeping a dog without license is £5. Licenses for packs of hounds can be granted only by the collectors of Inland Revenue. Licenses issued under this arrangement must bear the undermentioned stamps:—1. A stamp of the Inland Revenue Office. 2. The dated stamp of the post-office from which the license is issued. Persons obtaining licenses from a post-office should see that they bear these stamps. These licenses will not be issued from the Post Office during that month of December in any year. All licenses required during that month will be issued by the officers of Inland Revenue. Forms of application for licenses to be granted by the officers of Inland Revenue will still be issued at any post-office, if desired. It will be observed, however, that at money order offices the license itself can be henceforward obtained without the necessity of using these forms.

SOUTH LONDON WORKING CLASSES INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION, 1869.—The first general committee meeting of this undertaking was held at the board-room Lambeth Baths, the Rev. R. Berry in the chair. John Locke, Esq., Q.C., M.P., was also present. After the routine business had been gone through, Mr. Locke inquired as to the establishing of a guarantee fund, the holding of district meetings, and as to the general prospects of the exhibition. In reply, one of the hon. secretaries (Mr. Murphy) said that undoubtedly some few meetings would be held in different localities of the south early in the new year; but it had been thought unnecessary to trouble gentlemen to become guarantors this time, as the two previous exhibitions had both returned a handsome profit for prizes, and the prospects of neither of these were so encouraging as that of the present one at an early date. In reply to another question, Mr. Murphy said that about one hundred working men's exhibitions had been held since the first one in the Lambeth Baths in 1864, and that he had supplied rules, information, &c., to about seventy of them. So far as he had ascertained, the exhibitions at Glasgow and Birmingham had realized the largest pecuniary profit.

THE BALLOT AND ESTABLISHED CLERGY.—A "Liberal Churchman," writing to the *Times* on the subject of the ballot, says: "I am—as a sincere member of the Church of England—truly grieved to say that clergymen of that Church have been among the foremost in (for voting for Liberal candidates) taking vengeance. I do not desire to use strong language in speaking of this conduct, but I confess it makes my blood boil to see men who ought to feel, if they rightly understood their position, that they are Christian ministers, not of the Conservative party alone, but of every member of their flock, whatever his political opinions, acting in a manner calculated to render themselves despicable and hateful to those whom it is their duty to conciliate and win."

SERIOUS LANDSLIP.—On the new South-Eastern line of railway, termed the Charing-cross and Tonbridge Direct Line, between the latter place and Hildenborough there is an immense embankment composed principally of a blue clay, which was dug out of the tunnel near Sevenoaks. In consequence of the late heavy and continual fall of rain, this blue clay seems to have been reduced to a spongy substance, and a landslip occurred on the "up" side of the line, the embankment from a place known as the Barleycorn-bridge to the Hildenborough station, which is a very considerable distance, giving way. Fortunately the slip was discovered before any train approached, or there must have been a serious accident. The company's servants were soon upon the spot, and means were at once taken to stay the further giving of the embankment, and the "down" line being left quite firm the traffic was not materially interfered with. Facing points were placed so as to run the trains from one line of metals to the other, and a pilot engine met every train, and brought them on to the station. A number of men have been daily and nightly engaged, making a foundation by means of wood faggots, layers of chalk, cinders, concrete, and other things, and it is expected that the damaged line will soon be secure and in full working order.

## ACCIDENTS AND OFFENCES.

ACCIDENT.—An accident occurred on the Midland Railway, near Nottingham, by which about forty persons were injured. It appears that the Mansfield market train left Nottingham at half-past eight o'clock, filled with passengers, and at a crossing near the latter town it came into collision with a train of "empties" returning from Chesterfield, Pleasley, and other places. Both engines were thrown off the lines. The drivers and firemen were seriously hurt, and it seems marvellous that they escaped alive.

BRUTAL OUTRAGE.—After we went to press, while the fast train for Chesterfield was at full speed, a passenger deliberately put a pistol out of a window and fired a bullet at the signal-man at Stoneyford, on the Midland Company's Erewash Valley Line. The bullet struck him on the breast, but fortunately only slightly injured him. A messenger was at once sent to Langley Mill station to telegraph to Chesterfield, but before attention could be obtained at Chesterfield the train had gone on to Leeds, so that no clue has been obtained of the offender. What can have been the motive for the outrage is utterly unknown.

SHOOTING FROM A TRAIN.—A correspondent in Wales reports that, near Mostyn, North Wales, on Saturday last, whilst the Irish mail, leaving London at 7.15 a.m., was passing the 9.30 a.m. train from Holyhead, at full speed, Elias Williams, the up train driver noticed a hand, holding a pistol, stretched from the Irish mail towards the up train. Immediately after passing, the driver and stoker heard a pistol shot, and witnessed smoke. The engineer-driver reported this at Chester, where the carriage coupler stated that he heard a passenger defending Fenianism before the train started.—"R. D. U.," writing to the *Dublin Evening Mail*, seeks to account for the "flying shot from the mail train," by stating that a young friend of his ten years old, who came by that identical train, amused himself by snapping off caps at passing trains and other objects of interest from a toy gun.

Near BIRMINGHAM.—An outrage of a most daring character—to say nothing of its shocking cruelty—was committed on the London and North Western Railway on Friday night last. A passenger train from Birmingham had just started from Edgbaston station, where the tickets had been collected, when a man jumped into the van and threw a quantity of creosote or naphtha into the guard's face. The result may be imagined. The guard was stunned and blinded, and before he recovered from the shock his assailant had disappeared, carrying with him a box of money. The amount carried off is not exactly known, but it must be considerable, as it consisted of the day's receipts of the different stations between Peckridge and Birmingham. The liquid used to blind the guard was creosote, and it acted so effectually that he saw nothing of the robbers or the robbery. One of the company's servants, named Bagnall, was arrested on Saturday, and at a house occupied by him the sum of £27 in cash was found. He said the money belonged to the Plateayers' Society, of which he was the treasurer. The magistrates remanded him—On Thursday Bagnall was examined by the Birmingham police magistrates. Mr. Mottram, barrister, appeared for the prosecution. The prisoner was undefended. The guard underwent a preliminary examination. He said that on Saturday night he was in charge of a train from Liverpool, which arrived at Stafford at 9.55. At that station a large cash-box was placed in his van for the purpose of holding the cash-bags, which it was duty to collect at the various stations down to Birmingham. He received twenty-one bags in all, the last being from Edgbaston station, where tickets were collected. The train had started from Edgbaston station, and had travelled about 200 or 300 yards, when he heard a sudden splash as he stood writing in his book; simultaneously his face was smothered in some strong-smelling liquid (afterwards proved to be creosote), which produced a burning sensation, and deprived him of sight for the time. He had now, in fact, recovered the sight of only one eye. When he had arrived at the Birmingham station he could see just sufficiently to ascertain that his cash-box was gone; but he did not at the moment of the assault see anyone in the van, or hear anything except a "jingling" on the step of the van as if his lamp had fallen out. He added that at the time of the robbery the train was going at such a speed that, used as he was to getting in and out of trains in motion, he would not have liked to have jumped off it. The story of the prosecutor, as it will be seen, does not affect the prisoner in any way; but the police are in possession of facts which go far to identify him as the perpetrator of the outrage. It will, at the next examination, be shown that the prisoner on the very day of the robbery purchased some creosote at Northampton; that the top of a breakfast can, which was found in the guard's van, and from which the burning fluid was thrown, belongs to the prisoner; and at the time of his apprehension his clothes smelt strongly of creosote. The police also found in prisoner's house a sum of over £29. This money he accounted for by saying that it belonged to a sick club of which he was treasurer; and in regard to the robbery he declared sol-mely before God that he was as innocent as any gentleman in court outside the dock. The prisoner was remanded for a week.

"LUXURIANT AND BEAUTIFUL HAIR."—Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer or Dressing never fails to quickly restore grey or faded hair to its youthful colour and beauty. It stops the hair from falling off. It prevents baldness. It promotes luxuriant growth; it causes the hair to grow thick and strong. It removes all dandruff. It contains neither oil nor dye. In large bottles, price six shillings. Sold by chemists and perfumers. —Depot, 265, High Holborn, London.—[ADVT.]

## PRIMARY INSTRUCTION.

The following has appeared in the *Morning Star* under the extraordinary heading of Want of Primary Instruction in Ireland, where, in fact, it is much better than it is in England.

As in Germany, France, and elsewhere many of our foremen and small manufacturers have risen from the artisan class, owing their elevation to their superior natural aptitude, steadiness, and industry. The education of these, like that of the workmen from whom they spring, has been procured in elementary schools, but owing to the defective character of the instruction imparted in some of these schools, and the early age at which, until the passing of the various Factories Acts, children were sent to work by their parents, such education was generally of the poorest description, too often little better than none at all. Consequently a very limited proportion only of those so educated have been enabled to acquire proper scientific instruction at a later period. The whole tenor of the evidence taken before the Select Committee on Technical Instruction confirmed the assertions which have repeatedly been made by those most qualified to offer a reliable opinion on the subject to the effect that it is absolutely necessary that a sound and efficient system of primary education should precede any attempts at increasing our present means of imparting scientific instruction. It is rather to the want of primary education on the part of large masses of our artisan population, than to any real deficiency of aids to technical instruction, that the acknowledged inferiority of our foremen and artisans generally in the knowledge of the various scientific principles connected with their respective industries is chiefly to be ascribed. In Nottingham nearly 50 per cent. of the

population. "We have not," says he, "been sufficiently alive to the importance of elementary or primary education." Hence the general supineness with respect to the necessity for scientific instruction. Even among the foremen and managers employed in large establishments, the absence of primary education is often painfully conspicuous. Mr. Witworth was led by his personal experience of this disagreeable fact to endow the scholarship bearing his name in mechanical science. In the course of his business he often found it necessary to raise a superior artisan to the rank of foreman, but sometimes the man was found to be so deficient, even in reading, writing, and arithmetic, that it became impossible to continue him in his new position. The man had, therefore, to return to his former post as a mere workman.—John Plummer in Charles Knight's "Companion to the Almanack."

## ANOTHER COLLIERY EXPLOSION NEAR WIGAN.

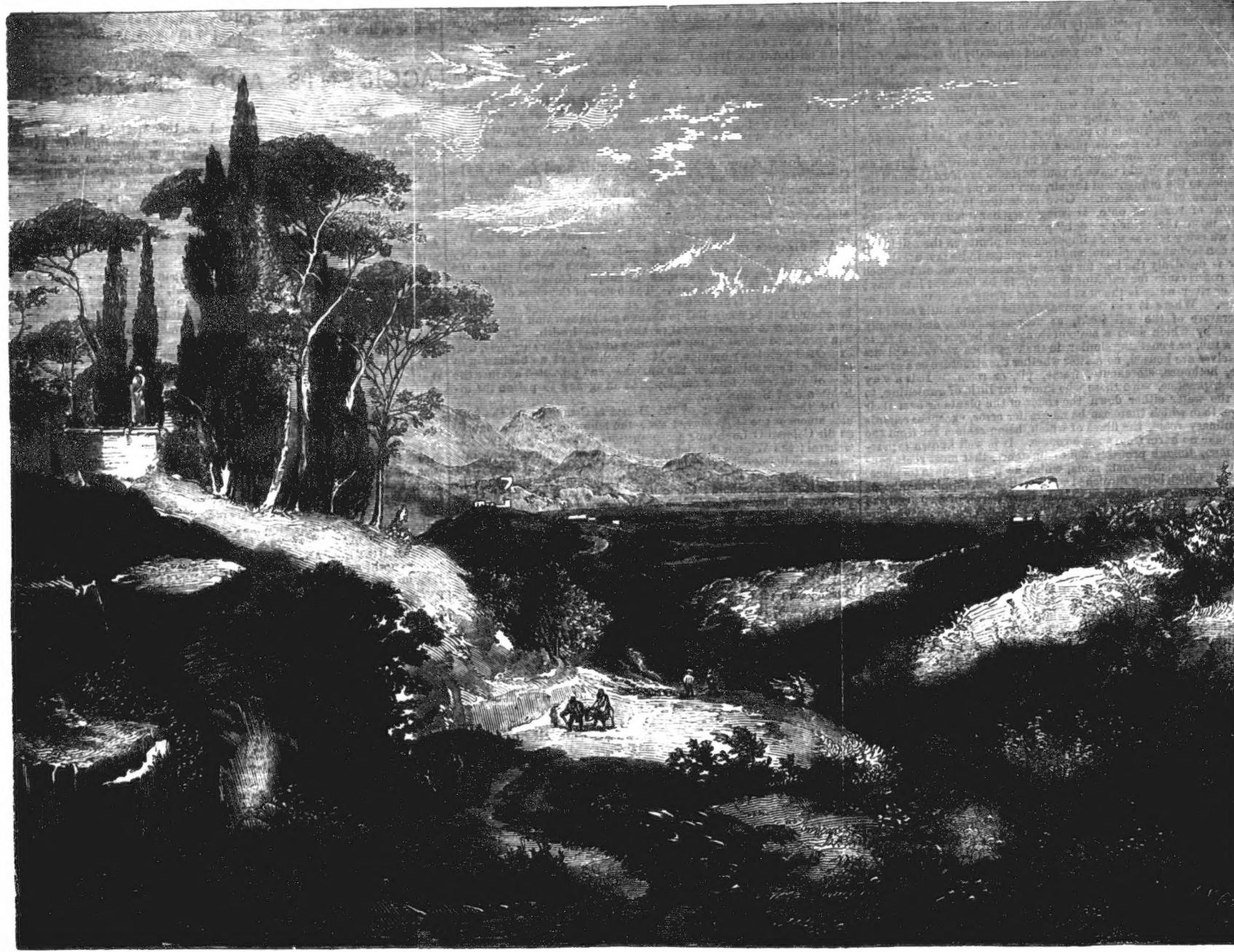
ANOTHER colliery explosion, the cause and extent of which are complete mysteries, occurred on Monday morning at the Norley Colliery, situated in the township of Pemberton, about a mile and half from the borough of Wigan. The pits at which the casualties occurred are Nos. 2 and 3 of the Norley Coal and Cannel Company.

The gas, it is believed, was fired at the extremity of the workings, where some men were cutting across a step. The number of dead is not yet ascertained, but it is thought six have perished. Five others are severely burnt, one probably fatally. Only two bodies are yet brought to the surface; another, fearfully mangled, is said to be below. The exploring party continues at work.

Later accounts state that the number of persons killed in the

fall down the shaft of the pit, but it had not got more than fifty yards when it got into the woodwork and injured the "buntines" which fasten the conductors. This took a long time in repairing, and it was not until half-past nine o'clock at night that the gearing was fitted and the men drawn out. The accident at first caused great sensation in the neighbourhood, it being reported that a catastrophe had taken place, and crowds of the colliers' relatives rushed to the pit mouth, but their apprehensions were soon allayed.

**BREAKFAST.—A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT.**—The *Civil Service Gazette* has the following:—"There are very few simpler articles of food which can boast so many valuable and important dietary properties as cocoa. While acting on the nerves as a gentle stimulant, it provides the body with some of the purest elements of nutrition, and at the same time corrects and invigorates the action of the digestive organs. These beneficial effects depend in a great measure upon the manner of its preparation, but of late years such close attention has been given to the growth and treatment of cocoa, that there is no difficulty in securing it with every useful quality fully developed. The singular success which Mr. Epps attained by his homoeopathic preparation of cocoa has never been surpassed by any experimentalist. Far and wide the reputation of Epps's Cocos has spread by the simple force of its own extraordinary merits. Medical men of all shades of opinion have agreed in recommending it as the safest and most beneficial article of diet for persons of weak constitutions. This superiority of a particular mode of preparation over all others is a remarkable proof of the great results to be ob-



LAND VIEW OF THE BAY OF NAPLES.

operatives employed in the large factories cannot read even the simplest paragraphs. Out of 200 or 300 brickmakers employed by a single firm in the same town only two persons could read, and these were the sons of foremen. During an inquiry made by Dr. John Watt, some few months since, for the late educational conference at Manchester, and which inquiry included about 92,000 inhabitants residing in a single portion of the city, 24·8 per cent. of the youths from 14 up to 20 years of age were found unable to read, while no less than 58·4 utterly unable to write. Mr. Robert Rumney, an extensive chemical manufacturer at Manchester, explicitly declares that there exists a general deficiency of primary education among the Manchester operatives, more so than in the country districts. A mining school started at Wigan in 1859 failed, according to Mr. Iselin, from "want of primary education in the classes for whom it was designed." This deficiency has proved a serious obstacle in other places. Mathematics form an essential portion of technical instruction, but, from want of primary education, the majority of working men "are not in a position to comprehend a rigid mathematical proof, or even to understand the meaning of a mathematical formula." In the Art School at Halifax the want of elementary knowledge of the first principles of geometrical drawing has formed a great barrier to the success of artisan students. The committee of the Wakefield Mechanics' Institute told Mr. H. H. Sales that the artisans of their town were "unable to carry on their education owing to their deficiency of primary education." In Birmingham there are several metallurgical trades, in the various processes of which no improvements whatever have been effected during the last fifty years. This is attributed by Mr. G. Lloyd to the prevailing deficiency of educa-

explosion was seven. The first bodies brought up were those of two men named Fairhurst, who were found in a level a short distance from the pit eye, and who were sent to the surface about six o'clock. The explorers below then directed their attention to the dip hole at the foot of the downcast shaft, where were shortly found the bodies of Rutter and Cannee, the two men who had been blown into the shaft from the mouth of the tunnel. They were sent to the surface at about nine o'clock, and were placed with the others in a workshop near to the shaft. It is pretty certain that two other men, named Elijah Cheetham and Thomas Sharrock, lie dead in the workings. The injured man Taylor still survives, but he is not expected to recover from the fearful injuries he has received. Sharrock, who was working with him, is in a dangerous state. Six of the dead leave widows and large families. By this calamity twenty-six children have been rendered fatherless. Workmen are busily engaged in repairing the shaft, which has been much damaged by the explosion. The work necessarily proceeds very slowly, and after the workings have been reached, some time must elapse before the remaining bodies can be recovered.

**THREE HUNDRED MEN IMPRISONED IN A COAL MINE.**—A Sheffield journal reports that an accident occurred at the Holme Colliery, which resulted in the men, to the number of 300, being kept at the bottom eight hours over the time that they are generally drawn out of the pit. A cage containing four corves was being drawn from the pit bottom, but the "chair" was forced into the pulley, which thereby broke the head-gear, the cage got entangled in the head-gear, and one of the corves slipped out and

tained from little causes. By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoas, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." [ADVT.]

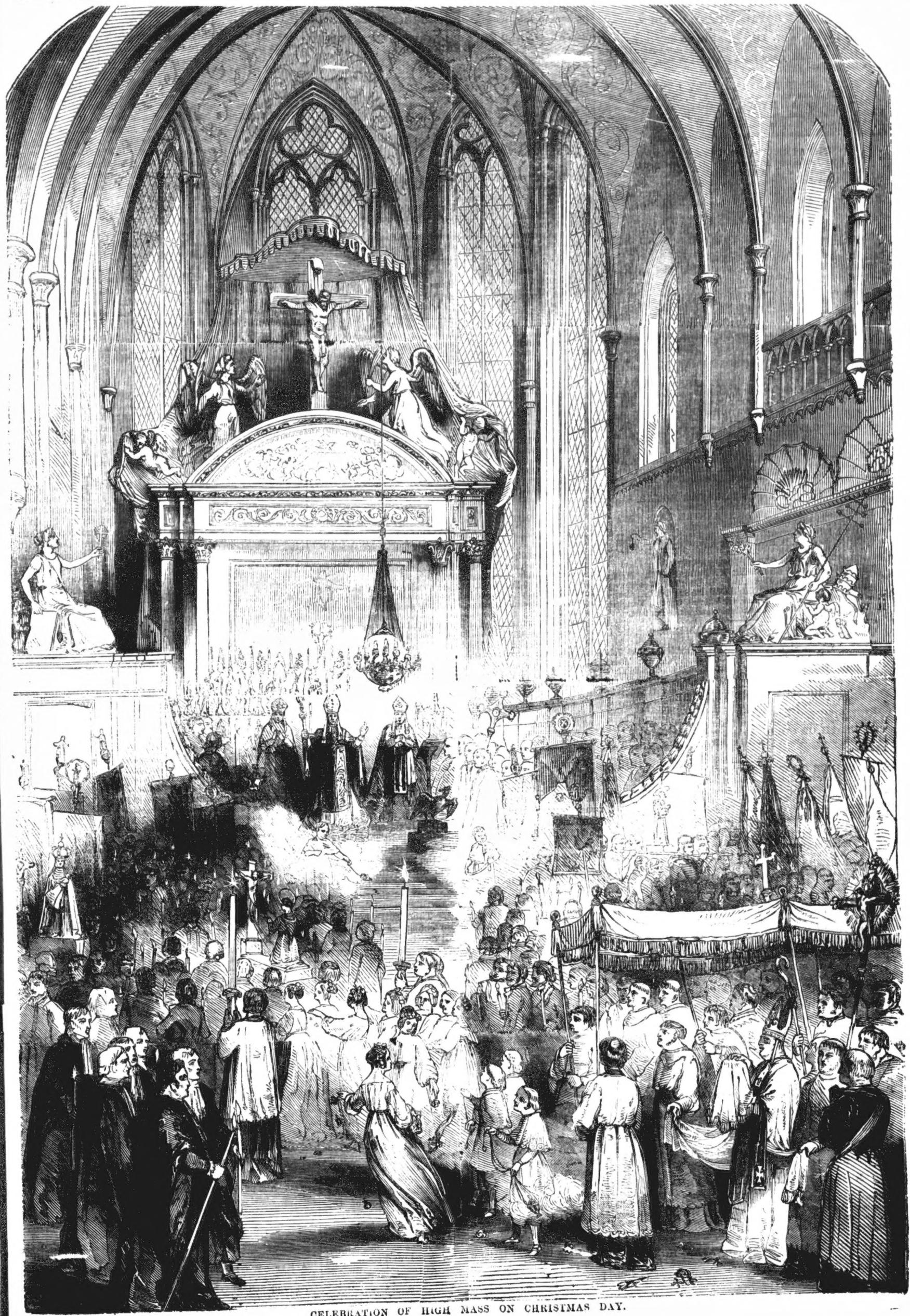
**A FACT.**—I have made inquiries of friends who have yours and other sewing machines and find your statements fully corroborated in their experience.—Mrs. J. H. Atkinson, Union-street, Halifax, December 15th, 1868.

Daily testimony is received of the exceeding usefulness of the silent sewing machine and of perfect satisfaction with its work.

Those who have experienced the worthlessness of the cheap hand machines and the troublesomeness of the old noisy, two-thread machines are continually exchanging for this, the only really practical sewing machine for family use.

A new Illustrated book of 96 pages containing a most complete summary of information in regard to it free and post paid. Machines carriage paid.

Address the Company at 135, Regent-street, W., or 150, Cheapside, E.C.



CELEBRATION OF HIGH MASS ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

## THEATRES.

## THEATRE ROYAL COVENT GARDEN.

Under the Sole Management of Mr. A. Harris.

Every Evening, at 7. THE BOARDING SCHOOL. After which the Grand Christmas Pantomime, entitled ROBINSON CRUSOE; or, Friday and the Fairies. The Box-office is open from ten till five.

## THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.

Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. F. B. Chatterton.

Every Evening, at 7. MY WIFE'S OUT. At 7.45, the grand Christmas Pantomime, entitled PUSS IN BOOTS. Characters in the opening by the principal members of the company. Double Troupe of Pantomimists and various novelties.

## THEATRE ROYAL HAYMARKET.

Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. B. Buckstone.

Every Evening, at 7, A HERO OF ROMANCE. Messrs. Sothern, Buckstone, Compton, Chippendale; Misses Ada Cavanagh, Isabella Burke. THE FRIGHTFUL HAIR. Mr. Compton; Miss Gwynn. And AN ALARMING SACRIFICE.

## THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. B. Webster.

Every Evening, at 7. DID YOU EVER SEND YOUR WIFE TO CAMBERWELL? Mr. G. Belmore; Mrs. L. Murray. At 7.45, MONTE CRISTO. Mr. Fechter, Mr. Benjamin Webster, Mr. Belmore; Mrs. Alfred Mellon, Miss C. Leclercq, Mrs. Leigh Murray.

## ROYAL LYCEUM THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. E. T. Smith.

Every Evening, at 7, THE FOUR MOWBRAYS. Master Peregrine Roselle. At 7.45, HARLEQUIN HUMPTY DUMPTY; or, The Old Woman from Babyland, Messrs. Rowell, Terry; Madames Goodall, Parkes.

## ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. Vining.

Every Evening, at 7, THE SECRET. At 8, AFTER DARK: A Tale of London Life. Messrs. Vining, Walter Lacy, Dominick Murray, C. Harcourt, J. G. Shore; Misses E. Barnett, and Leclercq. And MASTER JONES'S BIRTHDAY.

## GAIETY THEATRE, STRAND.

Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. John Hollingshead.

Every Evening, at 7, THE TWO HARLEQUINS. Mr. C. Lyall; Miss C. Loseby. At 7.45, ON THE CARDS. Mr. Alfred Wigan, M. Stuart; Miss M. Robertson. ROBERT LE DIABLE. Misses E. Farren, Loseby, Hastings. Two ballets. Mdile. Bossi.

## THE NEW QUEEN'S THEATRE ROYAL.

Manager, Mr. W. H. Liston.

Every Evening, at 7, THE LANCASHIRE LASS. Messrs. Emery, Brough, Wyndham; Misses Hodson, Montague. THE GNOME KING. Messrs. Toole, Brough, Stephens; Misses Hodson, Carson, Rignold. A RACE FOR A DINNER. Mr. Clayton.

## ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Every Evening, at 7, SLASHER AND CRASHER. Messrs. G. Vincent, J. G. Taylor, E. Atkins; Mrs. Caulfield, Miss Shavey. After which, at 7.45, THE YELLOW PASSPORT. Messrs. Neville, J. G. Taylor, E. Atkins, G. Vincent, Cooper, Vaughan, H. Wigan; Miss Furtado, Miss Shavey, and Mrs. Caulfield.

## THEATRE ROYAL, ST. JAMES'S.

Directress, Mdile. de la Ferre.

Every Evening, at 7, THE SECRET PANEL. At 7.30 GLITTER. Messrs. Jordan, Coghlan, Gaston Murray; Misses Rushton, Simpson, and Mrs. Poynter. THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD. Mdile. de la Ferre, Miss Egleigh.

## ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.

Sole Lessee and Manageress, Mrs. Swanborough.

Every Evening at 7, A WIDOW HUNT. Messrs. Clarke, Belford, Joyce; Madames Buxton, Maitland. THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD. Messrs. Thorne, James, Robson; Miss Longmore. And A COMICAL COUNTESS. Miss Amy Sheridan.

## PRINCE OF WALES'S ROYAL THEATRE.

Under the Management of Miss Marie Wilton.

Every Evening, SOCIETY. Messrs. Hare, H. J. Montague, Blakely, Montgomery, Sydney, Terrius, Collette, Bancroft; Mrs. B. White, Miss Charlotte Addison. Preceded by WHO SPEAKS FIRST? Messrs. Montague, Blakely and Miss Addison.

## GLOBE THEATRE ROYAL.

Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Seston Parry.

Every Evening at 7, GOOD FOR NOTHING. At 7.45, CYRIL'S SUCCESS. Messrs. E. Marshall, Warner, Vernon, David Fisher, Newbound, Andrews, Hurstane, J. Clarke; Madames C. Thorne, Henrade, Brennan, Berend, Hughes, Stephens.

## THEATRE ROYAL, HOLBORN.

Under the Management of Miss Fanny Josephs.

Every Evening, St. Mary's Eve. Messrs. E. Price, Parselle, Haynes; Madames Foote, Lovell. TURKO THE TERRIBLE; or, The Fairy Roses. Messrs. F. Hughes, G. Honey; Madames Larkin, Fanny Josephs. AUNT CHARLOTTE'S MAID.

## ROYALTY THEATRE.

Under the Management of Miss M. Oliver.

Every Evening, at 7.30. A LOVING CUP. Messrs. Dewar, Day, Danvers; Miss M. Oliver. At 9.15, THE RISE AND FALL OF RICHARD III. Messrs. Dewar, Danvers, Day; Miss Oliver. And THE CLOCKMAKER'S HAT. Miss Charlotte Saunders.

## ROYAL SURREY THEATRE.

Lessee, Messrs. Shepherd and Creswick.

Every Evening at 7, TIME TRIES ALL. After which the Pantomime of JACK AND JILL AND THE SLEEPING BEAUTY; or, Harlequin Humpty Dumpty. Clown, Mr. Croueste; Pantaloons, Mr. Gellini; Colatino, Miss Duvali; Mr. Silvain.

## ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS, HOLBORN.

Every Evening at 7.30. Herr Oscar Carr's Performing Horses. Herr A. Carr, Herr Salomonka, Loyal, M. Burgess, Less Frères Grima, Madam Krembaer, Mdile. Amelia, Mdile. Schwartz, Madames Salomonka, A. Bradbury, M. Clifton, and the Marvels of Micromania.

## NEW NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE.

Sole Proprietor, Mr. John Douglass.

Every Evening at 7, TELL TALES. Madames Leslie, Chambers, Anderson, Warner; Clown, Pedro Martin; Pantaloons, Mr. Howard. Scenery by Mr. Richard Douglass. And THE OLD SOLDIER.

## BRITANNIA, THE GREAT THEATRE, HOXTON.

Every Evening at 6.45, the Grand Pantomime, BILLIEZ-ZEHANDHOTHRUM; or, the Dwarf of the Diamond Dell.

Mrs. S. Lane, Miss M. Booth; Messrs. Bigwood, Elton, Leslie, Pantomimists, Messrs. J. Louis, R. Dean, W. Newham, the Brothers Carlotta. With the HARBOUR-MASTER'S SECRET.

## ROYAL ALFRED THEATRE, NEW CHURCH-STREET, EDGWARE-ROAD.

Every Evening a grand Christmas Pantomime, by R. Souter Esq., entitled WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT, with the most magnificent transformation scene in Europe. Commence at seven. To conclude with the farce of THE SECRET.

## PAVILION THEATRE, WHITECHAPEL-ROAD.

Every Evening at 7, BLUFF KING HAL; or, Harlequin Anne Boleyn and the Miller of the Dee. Clown, Mr. John Ricketts; Harlequin, Mr. H. Ricketts; Pantaloons, Mr. R. Ricketts; Columbine, Madame Pauline; Sprites, Brothers Antonio. With THE SERGEANT'S WIFE.

## CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open at Ten.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Christy's Minstrels. Eight.

## POLYTECHNIC.—Miscellaneous Entertainment, &amp;c. Open from

Twelve till Five and from Seven till Ten.

## MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.—Open from Eleven till dusk, and from Seven till Ten.

## ROYAL ALHAMBRA.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Eight.

## ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park.—Open daily.

## THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

## 1.—FREE.

British Museum; Chelsea Hospital; Courts of Law and Justice; Docks; Dulwich Gallery; East India Museum, Fifie House, Greenwich Hospital; Hampton Court Palace; Houses of Parliament; Kew Botanic Gardens and Pleasure Grounds. Museum of Economic Geology, Jermyn-street; National Gallery; National Portrait Gallery; Patent Museum, adjoining the South Kensington Museum; Soane's Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Society of Arts' Exhibitions of Inventions (in the spring of every year); St. Paul's Cathedral; Westminster Abbey; Westminster Hall; Windsor Castle; Woolwich Dockyard and Repository.

## 2.—BY INTRODUCTION.

Antiquarian Society's Museum, Somerset House; Armourers' Museum, 81, Coleman-street; Asiatic Society's Museum, 5, New Burlington-street; Bank of England Museum (collection of coins); Botanical Society's Gardens and Museum, Regent's-park; College of Surgeons' Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Guildhall Museum (old London antiquities); Linnean Society's Museum, Burlington House; Mint (process of coining), Tower-hill; Naval Museum, South Kensington; Royal Institution Museum, Albemarle-street; Trinity House Museum, Tower-hill; United Service Museum, Scotland-yard; Woolwich Arsenal.

## NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 13, Catherine-street, Strand.

PIGONSAK.—Ten years to be a naturalised Englishman. R. L.—Your prize shall be sent without delay. The mistake you name is quite unaccounted for.

B. MARTIN.—You could procure slender cord of almost any durability; though if, as we judge, it is to work round a revolving wheel of some small machine, a gut line would be the safer and proper thing.

JAMES WHITTAKER.—You have our kind thanks for your frank and well-wishing note. The compliments of the season are heartily returned, with thanks for your contributions.

## The Illustrated Weekly News.

(REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.)

SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1869.

## THE NEW YEAR.

THE first day of 1869 has been already numbered in the Calendar of Time, and it is appropriate as it is customary to review the year that has passed away so far as its influence upon the present may require. 1868 was a year of very great events in this and some other countries. The Reform Bill, the Elections, and the change of Ministry were the greatest political events in the United Kingdom; events which will leave their impress upon the legislation of the present year. One mischievous piece of legislation during the year was the bill for compelling the ratepayers to build vast infirmaries in out-of-the-way places for the sick poor. The amount already incurred for this huge job exceeds a million and a half sterling. The result would be to dam up the current of public charity and close our hospitals, the most noble of all our benevolent institutions. We are glad to see that one of the members for Finsbury, Mr. Torrens, has stopped the operation of this Act until a full inquiry is made as to its necessity and its working. The Act was a Tory job to give more places to the greedy followers of Mr. Disraeli, and to catch, as Mr. Hardy supposed, some popularity among the working classes.

Great events occurred abroad also. The revolution in Spain startled and at the same time gladdened all Europe, inspiring hope that Spain will emerge from poverty, sloth, ignorance, and crime, and resume her place among the nations.

Events in the United States of America have been also of magnitude. The Republicans have in the interests of liberty, order, and integrity, defeated the Democrats in the presidential election. The election of General Grant is a death blow to the American copperheads. Their platform was, the exclusion of negroes from not only the State Houses of Legislature, but from the suffrage; the re-assertion of State rights, the very question which the North drew the sword to settle; and the repudiation of a portion of national debt.

ires of this ill, and frustra to reverse exception of ante bellum commercial on Buona him, the

jealousy entertained towards Prussia and the formation of a United Germany, caused all Europe to be alarmed lest a general war should be the result. Happily, the New Year introduces us to better prospects. Peace seems likely to be preserved, and the bonds of union are likely to be drawn still closer in Germany.

Turkey has given trouble to Western Europe by her internal distraction. The insurrection in Crete has led to the probability of a war with Greece, which in its turn has led to the menace of an insurrection by the Greeks of Roumelia, Bulgaria, and perhaps risings in Asia Minor; and the possible interference of Russia. At present there is the likelihood of these events being at all events postponed by a Conference of the great powers. It is certain, however, that the Christian races of Turkey will not endure their oppressions much longer, and that Europe will not assist Turkey to put down such a revolt. During the year commerce languished, although there was more activity than in 1867. The effects of the great panic of 1866, which were so severely felt in the year which followed, continued their injurious influence to the present, although gradually diminishing throughout 1868, and now happily exercising less power than at any time during that year. Although the Cotton Mills of Lancashire and Cheshire are working short time, and there is a want of activity in various branches of business, there are nevertheless many encouraging symptoms; in monetary and mercantile affairs: confidence stands higher than during the past three years. Money, although abundant for all purposes, is higher in the market, showing that the demands of trade are more active, that confidence among the investing classes is returning, and that a spirit of enterprise is abroad. The number of foreign loans, well guaranteed and chiefly for railway purposes, lately put upon the market have been numerous, this has given employment to money; and many more similar enterprises are expected in monetary circles to be shortly announced. The year past has been remarkable for the discoveries of the precious metals. Gold has been found in North-Eastern Africa, it is reasonably believed that this is a re-discovery, and that these are the very gold fields known in the days of Solomon as Ophir. In North-Western China gold has been discovered, and from the character of certain gems found in Northern Burmah, the proximate presence of gold is indicated. In the Island of Ceylon, in the region famous for its gems, gold has been found in the gravel of certain streams. In New Zealand valuable discoveries of the metal have been made. Gold and silver have been found in various places in the great American range known in the South as the Antilles, in Mexico as the Cordilleras, and in the North as the Rocky Mountains. The Western slopes of this range from the extreme South of the Continent to British America are rich in the precious metals. Probably Nevada, Nubrascha, Colorado and various districts of California are richer in these respects than all the Old World together.

Thus 1869 opens cheerfully upon us, with hopes of peace abroad, reform at home and revived commerce everywhere. It is not, therefore, with faltering lips we greet one another with the time-honoured wish with which we also salute our readers, "A happy New Year."

## NEW YEAR'S EVE.

New Year! New Year! come over the snow,

A thousand songs call to thee!

A thousand circles wait thee now

A thousand firesides woo thee!

The night is listening for the bells,

The doors are wide where the poor man dwells,

The cottage glows, the mansion gleams,

And dusky red o'er the deep snow streams.

Old Time sits mute in his silent place,

They watch his motions, they mark his face.

He starts! he calls! and a merry, merry din

Of voices and bells bring the New Year in.

Happy New Year! Happy New Year!

Give us all things kind and dear,

And when thou art laid in earth—

May thy death be as blithe as thy birth.

Old Year! Old Year! sink down in thy vaults,

All nature doth echee thee—

Lie buried with all thy meads and faults,

For nothing can renew thee!

Light are the feet that dance thee dead!

Merry the music that rolls o'er thy head!

Die with thy last, loving glance on them,

Whose joyance is thy regimen.

Farewell, farewell, all good or ill!

That thou hast eown, will thy son fulf;

Give him a last word now, to head

The good and shun the evill seed.

Farewell, Old Year! Farewell, Old Year.

Many a bright eye owes thee a tear!

Thou wilt never again have birth;

Hush the calm in the bosom of earth,

New Year! New Year! come sit at the feast,

A thousand hands prepare thee!

This night shall all men call thee guest,

This night may all men share thee;

Soon may we know thee tried and true;

Give to the student his wreath in view!

Give to the lover his yearning bride!

Soon may we know thee true and tried—

Make free the slave, and make the free.

Learn all the duties of charity;

Let pride die wif, let love increase,

And prosper all the ways of peace!

Happy New Year! Happy New Year!

Give us all things kind and dear,

And when thou art laid in earth—

May thy death be as blithe as thy birth.

Charles Dickens in "Waifs and Strays."

A RAP.—Wife: "But, my dear, I shall catch cold coming down so late to let you in."—Husband: "Oh, no, my love, I'll rap you up well before you come down."

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

## BOXING NIGHT AT THE THEATRES.

RARELY if ever has there been such honour paid to Boxing night, both by the theatres and the public. All the theatres were crowded with audiences who showed the greatest enthusiasm and excitement. So numerous are the places of public entertainment now in London, that it is impossible for a weekly paper to do more than glance at them. The first in order is, of course, the great lyric theatre, Covent Garden.

QUEEN'S.—The Christmas piece at the New Queen's Theatre is one pre-eminently calculated to show the clowns of other days. The first quarter of an hour on Saturday was an intellectual exercise of no mean order, for in that short time some hundreds of lines, at an average of a pun and half per line, had to be delivered, listened to, and laughed at. The same may be said of every subsequent quarter of an hour, until the history of the wonderful Gnome King was told. The story of the new burlesque, of which we may as well give the full title—"The Gnome King and the Good Fairy of the Silver Mine." The piece was preceded by "Lancashire Lass," and followed by "A Race for a Dinner."

THE STRAND.—Pit and gallery crammed, and notwithstanding the wretched weather, scarcely a vacant seat in stalls and boxes, furnished sufficient evidence that the management of this popular theatre was quite justified in adhering to that standing bill of fare which has for so long a period drawn crowded and enthusiastic audiences. "A Widow Hunt" gave the holiday-seekers an opportunity of witnessing that racy, eccentric, and highly finished impersonation, Major Wellington de Boots, which in the hands of Mr. J. S. Clarke has now become one of our great theatrical facts. "A Comical Countess," in which well-known comedians Miss Amy Sheridan and Mr. Belford acquitted themselves as their wont, included the performances.

THE LYCEUM.—The first piece was the Four Mowbrays, which went off with the same ease and success that never fails to attend it, Master Percy Rosello displaying all his wonted and varied powers of personation. Then followed the novelty which was the real attraction of the evening, a new grand Christmas pantomime, fully characterised by the playbill as not only nursery-rhymical, But E. T. Smithfield to boot, which is to say all and to say everything. The name of this choice bit of holiday fun is "Harlequin Humpty Dumpty, and Dame Trot and her Cat," and the plan, of course, rings the changes on the well-known rhymes that celebrate those famous mythological personages. The gods did not fail to manifest their satisfaction by uproarious demonstrations, although not quite sufficient to shake their Olympus.

HAYMARKET.—The return of Mr. Sothern to this theatre on Boxing night has become one of the most regular and most welcome of Christmas incidents. The celebrated comedian was received on Saturday night with a warmth that proved his popularity to be as much as ever in the ascendant, and he performed the Marquis Steward in the "Hero of Romance" with an earnestness and delicacy which, if the occasion had been a first appearance instead of a reunion, must have established him as an actor of the first claque. The cast remained almost unaltered, Mr. Buckstone and Mr. Chippendale retaining their parts, and Miss Louisa Burke playing the scheming governess with the womanly feeling which in serious parts is her best characteristic. The Christmas piece was a burlesque of Lord Lytton's "Rightful Heir."

AGRICULTURAL HALL.—The entertainments which were inaugurated here last year by Messrs. Sanger were re-commenced on Boxing night on a grand and extensive scale, introducing several novelties, including the grand and gorgeous spectacle of Blue Beard, which it is believed will be the most elaborate specimen of costume and Eastern magnificence that has ever been witnessed. The interior of the hall has been decorated in the most finished manner, and all the attractions which were previously presented, were again brought forward in greater perfection. The racing and hunting scenes, which formerly were so highly appreciated and patronised, were again prominent features of the entertainment, many thoroughbred horses having been some time in training for the purpose. Equestrians, gymnasts, acrobats, &c., were introduced, and combined with other entertainments to furnish an evening's amusement which cannot be surpassed.

HOLBORN.—Fairy extravaganza is the form in which a Christmas novelty is presented at this pretty and admirably conducted theatre. Miss Fanny Josephs, the manageress, always discriminating in the selection of dramatic pieces, has produced as the great Christmas attraction of the Holborn an extravaganza from the pen of Mr. William Brough, which on its opening night gave promise of a most successful run. Full of pungent wit and hard-hitting sarcasm as the text of "Turko, the Terrible, or the Fairy Roses," is, the success of the piece may be said to be chiefly derived from the manner in which it is mounted—the costumes being of an unusually magnificent style. The latter fact may be well imagined when it is stated that Miss Fanny Josephs designed the costumer, and that her designs—certain to be tasteful—were execrated by Mr. S. May, Mrs. Bennett, and assistants. The story of the extravaganza is pretty much that of all similar productions. There is a "terrible" tyrant, a stern "parient," a luckless Adonis, and a most benevolent fairy—and, despite the most melancholy prognostications, the course of true love, having run most unsmooth, arrives at last where it is unbroken by a ruffian. The domestic drama of "St. Mary's Eve" preceded the piece of the evening, and the performance concluded with Morton's clever farce of "Aunt Charlotte's Maid."

COVENT GARDEN.—The amusements commenced with Bayle Barnard's farce called "The Boarding School," and this was so well played by a company whose leading members were Misses Maria Harris, Lavine, Nellie Harris, and Mr. J. D. Stoye, that far more attention was shown than is commonly vouchsafed to a piece performed under similar circumstances. The title of the pantomime, written for this house by Mr. H. J. Byron, is "Robinson Crusoe; or, Friday and the Fairies," but we need hardly say to those who know the prescriptive privileges of burlesque authors, that Dafos's immortal masterpiece has been treated after a fashion which makes Crusoe's umbrella and the irrepressible Man Friday almost the only connecting links between the old story and the travesty. The harlequinade, by the brothers Payne, Mr. Paulo, and Mlle. Eva, contained abundant jokes at the expense of the police, and was agreeably varied by the tricks of some clever dogs, a dance by ballet cricketers, and twelve young ladies dressed in the most gorgeous possible costumes of the period. The Payne brothers, as Crusoe and Friday, and Miss Nelly Power as the sportive elf, did every possible justice to the pantomimic notion of those characters, and Miss Power's sailor's hornpipe gained an enthusiastic encore. Altogether Mr. Harris has placed an entertainment upon the boards just now subject to his management, the popularity of which should suffice to repay him for his spirited venture.

DRURY LANE.—This great theatre, on Saturday night, under the management of Mr. Frederick Chatterton, maintained its traditional reputation, both as regards the magnitude and characteristic demeanour of the audience and the splendour of the performances. "The gods" were as numerous and demonstrative as usual, and at one moment the occupants of the pit seemed to catch the infection of the prevailing clamour. It was a rollicking spirit of fun, without the slightest trace of mischief in it, which kept the gallery in a roar during the performance of the farce, and in the interval which followed. True to their practice,

"the gods," when the band struck up "Tommy Doid" and "Meet me in the Lane," sung the words which are set to those popular airs with an energy that justified the plaudits with which they rewarded their own efforts. The piece was, "Grimalkin the Great, or Harlequin Pass in Boots and the Miller's Son." For nineteen years Mr. E. L. Blanchard has written the Christmas piece for "Old Drury." We hope that nineteen years hence he will still be found engaged in the same pleasant and successful avocation. Grimalkin is the means of introducing his young master, in the guise of the Marquis of Carabas, to Philip the Podgy, King of Little Bretagne (Mr. Morland) and his lovely daughter, the Princess Rose d'Amour (Miss Kate Harfleur). The Princess and the pseudo Marquis fall in love at first sight. The course of true love, however, would not run very smooth but for Grimalkin. He sees the necessity of providing his master with the means to support his assumed character. Accordingly, he proceeds to the residence of a magician, Hankipanki the Great (Herr Doubler), and induces this formidable person to give proofs of his power by transforming himself first into a Girl of the Period, then into a representation of "Champagne Charlie," and lastly into veritable mouse—which Grimalkin quickly swallows. He thus makes himself master of the wizard's castle, into which the Marquis of Carabas is, of course, able to receive the royal party and his bride as "monarch of all that he surveys." The story of the pantomime is naturally subordinated to its magnificent scenic and choreographic accessories. The time-honoured tricks of the pantomimists were played at the expense of the police force and the raid on the dogs, the butchers and the New Meat Market, and other matters of public interest. But, in addition, a troupe of performing dogs went through several clever feats; Mr. W. J. Collins, negro vocalist and dancer, sung not a very lively negro song; "the Girls of the Period," attired in the exaggerated fashions of the day, took part in a ballet cleverly arranged by Mr. John Cormack; a tiny horse was made to perform miracles of docility; two Albanian children played a short piece on the violin; and finally the deck of a man-of-war was crowded with juvenile tars, who performed cutlass drill very creditably, whose boatswain sang "I'm afloat, I'm afloat," with great spirit, and was succeeded by the Infant Drummer (Master Vokes), who beat his shipmates to quarters. The musical arrangements, which were under the direction of Mr. W. C. Lovey, were excellent. The masks, dresses, and devices were designed by Mr. William Brunton; the costumes by Mrs. Lawler and Mr. Vokes; and a word of praise must be awarded to M. Jousset for his floral decorations.

EGYPTIAN HALL.—Mr. Fleming Norton has now been before the public with his amusing entertainment entitled "Mr. Perkins' Picnic" upwards of 70 nights; it is certainly one of the most amusing entertainments we have ever witnessed—the quickness of his change of character and voice must be seen to be believed; we strongly recommend our readers who can enjoy an amusing entertainment to pay a visit to the Egyptian Hall.

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

## THE CHALLENGE OF THE ENGLISH CAMBRIA ACCEPTED.

The challenge of Mr. James Ashbury, of the English yacht Cambria, to the New York Yacht Club, proposing a race for the possession of the Queen's Cup, won by the America in 1851, will lead to an interesting epoch in the history of yachting. The contest will be an international one between England and the United States, as the Cambria comes to wrest from your yachtsmen the prize which they have so long retained without dispute. It will be, in fact, the return match of a great game at yachting between the two countries. Looking to the contingency of a victory on the part of the Cambria, her success would leave them at quiet; so that the question of superiority and the possession of the cup would have to be settled by a grand home-and-home match race, rivalling in interest anything that has as yet transpired in yachting and arresting the attention of the whole maritime world. The Sappho is naturally anxious again to spread sail with her English adversary, especially as her failure in the Royal Regatta was the result of an accident. The Phantom has also entered the lists, and, doubtless, their example will be extensively imitated throughout the squadron. The Queen's Cup, under the terms of its donation to the New York Yacht Club, is open to be won by any regular club of any nation. The race might, therefore, be made wholly international, by inviting the yachtsmen of France and all who choose to come to compete for it. This would afford a fine opportunity of testing the yachting powers of the various maritime countries. The owner of the Dauntless, in leaving the challenge of Mr. Ashbury to be accepted by his fellow-members of the New York Yacht Club, proposes a subsequent race between his vessel and the Cambria on an ocean course of not less than 3,000 miles. The following correspondence has transpired on the subject of both challenges:

New York, Dec. 7, 1868.  
"Dear Sir,—You have undoubtedly before this date received a communication from the secretary of the New York Yacht Club, acknowledging the receipt of your letter of the 3rd of October, and informing you of the conditions under which alone the cup, won by the schooner yacht America, in August, 1851, was placed by its owner in charge of this association. A letter from Mr. James G. Bennett, jun., of the schooner yacht Dauntless, suggested by your gallant proposition, has probably also reached you.

"In congratulating you most heartily on the success of the Cambria in your race with the Sappho, I take the opportunity of assuring you that should you visit our shores in the fall of 1869, all the privileges of the New York Yacht Club will be cordially placed at your disposal, as well as every hospitality by its members calculated to render your stay agreeable. I shall be prepared to test the sailing qualities of my own vessel, the Phantom, against the Cambria, for any race that may be arranged after your arrival; and I venture to add that other members of the club, owners of yachts which have won celebrity, will be found anxious to participate in any contest that may be inaugurated on that occasion.

"Assuring you of the pleasure it will give me to do all in my power to make a visit interesting and enjoyable, I have the honour to be your very obedient servant,

HENRY G. STEPHENS, Commodore New York Yacht Club.

To Mr. Ashbury, schooner yacht Cambria, Brighton.

New York, Dec. 6, 1868.  
"My dear Sir,—The commodore of the New York Yacht Club, of which I am a member, has informed me of the challenge you have so gallantly extended to our American yachts in your commendable desire to carry back to England the Queen's Cup, which has remained in the United States ever since it was won by the America, seventeen years ago. You are good enough to make several propositions. I should the more regret my inability to accept them if I did not feel assured there are other members of our club who will not suffer you to be disappointed in any of them. For myself, I do not care to fit my vessel for contests in inland waters, but I accept your challenge for an ocean race. I contemplate visiting Europe with my yacht, the Dauntless, next May, and shall spend three or four months on your side of the Atlantic. It will give me great pleasure, therefore, to race you from Cowes to New York on the conditions you specify, sailing on the 1st of September, for a cup valued at £250, as you propose, or for any amount you may elect. If this should not be agreeable, I will race you on the same day and for a like amount from Cowes to

the Azores and back, or to any other place you may select, not less than three thousand miles at sea.

"Allow me to congratulate you on the recent victory of the Cambria over the Sappho. The defeat of the latter will not be regretted by any of our people if it is to prove instrumental in inducing English yachtsmen to visit American waters and to enter the lists against our tried and fast vessels.

"Assuring you of an equally hearty welcome from the New York Yacht Club, whether you come as victor or vanquished, believe me, my dear sir, very truly yours," J. G. BENNETT, JUN.

"To James Ashbury, Esq., yacht Cambria, Brighton."

The terms under which the Queen's Cup, won by the Americas, is held open to international competition, are succinctly contained in the following letter:

"TO THE SECRETARY OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

New York, July 8, 1867.

"The undersigned, members of the New York Yacht Club, and late owners of the schooner yacht America, beg leave through you to present to the club the cup won by the America at the regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes, England, August 22, 1851.

"This cup was offered as a prize to be sailed for by yachts of all nations, without regard to difference of tonnage, going round the Isle of Wight (the usual course for the annual regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron), and was won by the America, beating eight cutters and seven schooner yachts which started in the race.

"The cup is offered to the New York Yacht Club, subject to the following conditions:

"Any organized yacht club of any foreign country shall always be entitled, through any one or more of its members, to claim the right of sailing a match for this cup with any yacht or other vessel of not less than 30 nor more than 300 tons, measured by the custom-house rule of the country to which the vessel belongs.

"The parties desiring to sail for the cup may make any match with the yacht club in possession of the same that may be determined upon by mutual consent; but in case of disagreement as to terms, the match shall be sailed over the usual course for the annual regatta of the yacht club in possession of the cup and subject to its rules and sailing regulations—the challenging party being bound to give six months' notice in writing, fixing the day they wish to start. This notice to embrace the length, custom-house measurement, rig, and name of the vessel.

"It is distinctly understood that the cup is to be the property of the club, and not of the members thereof or owners of the vessel winning it in a match, and that the condition of keeping it open to be sailed for by yacht clubs of all foreign countries upon the terms above laid down shall for ever attach to it, thus making it perpetually a challenge cup for friendly competition between foreign countries.

"On the motion of Mr. Grinnell, it was

"Resolved.—That the New York Yacht Club accept the cup won by the America, and presented to them by the proprietors, upon the terms and conditions appointed by them.

"Resolved.—That the letter of Mr. Schuyler, with the enclosure, be entered on the minutes, and the secretary be requested to furnish to all foreign yacht clubs a copy of the conditions upon which this club holds the cup, and which permanently attach to it.

J. C. STEVENS,  
EDWIN A. STEVENS,  
HAMILTON WILKES,  
J. BARKMAN FINLEY,  
GEORGE L. SCHUYLER.

N. Bloodgood, Secretary."

## FOREIGN AND GENERAL.

## FRANCE.

The first Court ball is announced for the 6th of January, and the opening of the Chamber of Deputies for the 18th.

Their Majesties paid their annual visit to that greatest of all toy-shops for old and young, Giroux's, now on the Boulevard, but which I remember during Louis Philippe's reign as flourishing in the Rue Coq-Heron; and to have met the venerable Queen Marie Amelia there, accompanied by her beautiful daughter-in-law, the Duchess of Nemours, and several other members of the family, selecting their creches for the *jour de l'an*. We were not so fortunate as to have been present, but the evening papers record the fact of their Majesties' visit, which we therefore reproduce. The Queen of Spain followed their example, accompanied by the Prince of the Asturias.

It is scarcely presuming too much to assert that the recent Ministerial modifications, are likely to bring about a spirit of good feeling between the French and English Cabinets. M. Forcade, the new Minister of the Interior, is a fervent apostle of the ideas of Cobden; and even in 1852, being then Maître des Requêtes at the Council of State, he published, in the *Revue Contemporaine*, a series of remarkable articles, which revealed a profound insight into the institutions of England, a knowledge he obtained on the spot, having frequently visited our country. M. Forcade took an important part in the drawing up of the Treaty of Commerce, and his services on this occasion were acknowledged by his appointment to the responsible situation of Director-General of the Customs. It was then, also, that he advocated at the Corps Législatif the newly-adopted principles of political economy. Having thrown himself heart and soul into the mighty free trade movement, it is no wonder that for many years he remained on terms of intimacy with Mr. Milner Gibson, whom he always visits when our well-known politician is in Paris. He has always had the most friendly intercourse with Mr. Gladstone and several of our eminent statesmen. M. Forcade has also given a strong proof of his penchant for our country, as well as of his good taste, by having married an English lady, the daughter of Mr. Ferguson. In 1850 the portfolio of the Ministère des Finances was entrusted to him, and it was under his administration that were issued the three hundred thousand *obligations trentenaires*, destined to assist by the development of public works the success of the newly-inaugurated economical reform. As Vice-President of the Council of State, M. de la Roquette displayed considerable energy in his unwavering defence of the Cobden policy. During the last session he was one of the most indefatigable orators in every debate bearing on the treaties of commerce, the corn law, or the merchant navy of France.

## AUSTRIA—THE PRESENT FINANCIAL POSITION.

The Austrian Minister of Finance, Dr. Breith, gave a very hopeful account to the Reichsrath the other day of the present financial position of the western half of the empire. During the first three-quarters of the present year, he said, the expenditure was 10,000,000 florins less and the receipts 9,000,000 more than had been estimated. Allowing for unexpected expenditure in the fourth quarter of 1868, the Minister calculates that there will be a surplus of at least 10,000,000 by the 31st of December. There has not been so satisfactory a budget in Austria for the last twenty years. It should be observed that the increase in the receipts proceeds almost entirely from the indirect taxes which have produced 8,710,000 florins more this year than the estimate.

"It is the lot of humanity to err at times," as the drunken man said when he mistook his pigsty for his own bedroom.



THE MODERN REBECCA.



"WE WILL END THIS DEADLY STRIFE ACROSS THE TABLE."

## THE MAN IN CHAINS.

By C. J. COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "DICK DIMINY," "SACKVILLE CHASE," "SINGED MOTHS," ETC.

## CHAPTER XLII.

## THE GREAT TRIAL AT THE ASSIZES.

The assize town in which the trial that is to decide the ownership of the estate which Lord Montalban has for so long a period enjoyed, is bustling, and almost in a state of excitement, for it is the morning of the day on which the trial has been fixed to commence. It is a trial that at the moment is interesting the whole county, for although the immediate issue raised is trivial in itself, it will in reality decide a question that is, to the parties interested, a momentous one indeed. The quaint old court-house at which the assizes are held, and which is occasionally devoted to all sorts of purposes, from that of a police-court up to passing addresses to the Crown or sentence of death upon a malefactor, is crowded with a motley gathering. The bar is represented in all its phrase, for there is an abstruse chapter in English law to be studied, and so students of all shades and complexions, physical and mental, are there, thronged around that green-baized table that is in the well of that quaint old court. There are the Queen's Counsel of the circuit, and the one Serjeant thereof; there are the old men who have grown grey in traversing that circuit for years and years past, and who have never had their hearts gladdened with a brief practice; there are the young men who are rising at the bar, and the young men who hope to rise; and lastly, there is a sprinkling of those who follow and support the great moustache and whisker movement, and fierce determined, and mostly good-looking fellows they are; and they have some fine whiskers amongst them, notwithstanding the anathema which certain profound old lawless and malignant lips have sought to pronounce against the face of nature. But that which the hand of the barber has not succeeded in suppressing will scarcely be uprooted by the senile malediction of prejudiced authority. In many respects the judges of our land most worthily adorn the judgment-seat, but occasionally there are exhibited upon that lofty seat narrow prejudices, illiberal views a tenacious sticking for old and useless and obsolete forms, which grievously detract from that solemnity which should hedge a judge.

Silvester Langdale is the leading counsel for the defendant, of course; and if ever counsel felt an absorbing interest in the case of his client, Silvester Langdale did for his on this occasion; a real interest, a heartfelt, soul-devoting interest and anxiety, and not that kind of interest which, in a hateful and degrading dictum, was, it is said, prescribed by a well-known venerable, and noble legislator—that the advocate, in the cause of his unknown client, should sell himself body and soul, commit constructive perjury, become a liar and cheat, and in all respects identify himself with any crime he might be paid to palliate and defend. The advocate, in his private capacity, must be above suspicion, but as a public man, and therefore as a public character, no dis-honour can be too degrading for him to stoop to, provided he is paid for the degradation. That dictum has been issued and endorsed by high authority, and is acted up to rigidly every day.

Silvester Langdale may be said to have been in the position of his own counsel, and to be defending his own right; and in reality there was little necessity for that heavy fee that was marked upon his brief, and which caused the briefless ones around him, who chanced to cast their eyes upon the figures, to heave that sigh which may be taken to indicate that kind of hope which maketh the heart unwell.

And Augusta Langdale was in the ancient court-house too, drawn thither by a feeling far more potent than that of ordinary curiosity, and she was in one of the side galleries, where she could with facility see, but was scarcely seen.

Lord Montalban was in the court too, looking, so the people said, as unconcerned as though he had been in a theatre, and had come to see a comedy. He was accommodated with a seat upon the bench beside the learned judge, in accordance with that glorious principle of English jurisprudence which recognises no distinction of persons! All are equal in the eye of the law; but the law is not exempt from having infirmities, and so its eye is sometimes short-sighted, that of course being one of the well-known, because often quoted, circumstances over which there cannot by possibility be any control.

There could not, if the parties had had the choice themselves of the whole of the judicial bench, have been a more appropriate judge

for the trial of the cause than the one on this occasion presiding on the circuit in which the assize town was situated. He was a stickler for old forms, although he despised beards and those who wore them. He had a wholesome abhorrence of modern statutes, and a lively sense of the paramount importance of old precedents. Time immemorial was an article of his legal faith; modern innovation was with him the principle of dissent. If he had been consistent and could have squared his legal with his religious faith, he should have been a Jew, or at least a Papist; but as he was neither the one nor the other—he was a member of the Church as by law established—there was his great religious bond of faith; and he looked upon all other creeds as being entitled to the law's Palladium, but not to her smiles.

The great cause that was about to be tried was one in which, in all probability, much argument would arise; and so the judge upon the bench was indeed an appropriate presiding functionary, for he was especially happy in all such cases, seeing that if upon any doubtful point there should happen to be no statute-law immediately applicable, and his revered time immemorial principle failed to solve the difficulty, he strengthened his mind by making the law which he wanted. Hence he may be said to have ruled a kind of judicial Jupiter in what is called Chamber practice, where he would with the utmost facility create law to meet contingencies of any kind. When he was "Judge at Chambers," *in dubio* could never be pleaded.

Mr. Baron Coalpoint having taken his seat in the court, bowing respectfully as he did so to Lord Montalban, and profoundly to the gentlemen of the bar who did not wear whiskers, the names of the jury for the great cause, which had been specially appointed, were called over. It was a Special jury—the speciality of course consisting in the members thereof being better off, in a worldly point of view, than the members of the Petit jury, usually designated Common. The principle adopted in the selection of the special jury panel is to take the house and not the occupier for the jury; but at all events that would appear to be the guiding principle with regard to provincial special juries; and here we have a touching instance of the fine distinctions of our native law. If a man breaks down your hedge, and allows his pig free access to your growing cabbages, you have the cherished privilege of demanding a special jury especially to assess your damages; but if the same offender against you should poison, by slow and diabolical but occult means, a near relative—say your wife or brother—the privilege is very properly withheld from you, and you are required to rely upon the doctrine of chances with regard to the degree of intelligence which may happen to pervade the common jury that the functionality of the court may have selected to "well and truly try and true deliverance make between our Sovereign Lady the Queen and the prisoner at the bar."

The names of the gentlemen of the special jury have been called over, and they have taken their seats, which they find to be very hard and uncomfortable, in the jury-box, and the junior counsel for the plaintiff having opened the record, and then shut himself up, the leader of the circuit opens the case to the jury; and in doing so, he informs them that there is a vast and momentous question involved in it which will require more than ordinary intelligence to decide, and therefore the jury which he then had the honour of addressing had been called together. The conviction he entertains as to the amount of intelligence that the gentlemen of the jury before him possess is so strong, that it removes that anxiety which he would otherwise feel in having interests of such momentous magnitude committed to his charge as those which were involved in the case about to be investigated. It was a case in which a nobleman of high standing and long ancestral descent, was the defendant; and a person in humble life, but still, as it would be shown in the course of the progress of the case, of gentle birth notwithstanding, was plaintiff.

"Do you mean by gentle birth, that she can trace her lineage to any antiquity?" asked the learned judge, solemnly.

"It will be a part of my case to show that, my lord."

"Very good," said the sagacious judge, in a tone which indicated that he thought a great deal more of the plaintiff than he did before.

The learned counsel for the plaintiff proceeded with his opening address, and informed the jury that the claim of the plaintiff rested upon the terms of a will, which were rather peculiar in themselves, but which in themselves were plain, distinct, and simple enough. It would appear that the estate, which was at present held by the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Montalban, had, previous to his lordship coming of age, been the property of a somewhat eccentric individual, who by his will had left the property to his son's wife, contingent upon her having a son, and that son living to the age of twenty-one years, in default thereof to go to his brother. The plaintiff in this case was the wife of the son of that old man. It would seem, according to his instructions, that the son of the old man being dead, it would have passed to

the brother as a matter of course in the case of there being no son of the plaintiff, even if there had been no will bequeathing, in the contingency he had mentioned, the estate to that brother. That brother had, it seemed, acted under the will as though no son of the plaintiff had been born, although such son had been born, had entered into the enjoyment of the property, and had finally sold it to the trustees of Lord Montalban, the defendant in this suit. Of course the jury would reasonably ask upon what ground the plaintiff now, after so many years, made the claim which had been placed upon the record. Upon that point he was instructed to prove that when the son of the plaintiff was of tender age he was surreptitiously removed from the care of the plaintiff, she herself abandoned, and she had never been able to discover where her child had been taken until lately. By one of those inscrutable agencies by which human justice was frequently worked out, and into which he need not enter, the child, now a young man, had been discovered; and although the plaintiff had failed to recognise in the young man of full age the child of five or six years, yet he (the learned counsel) was instructed that he should be enabled to offer such conclusive proofs to the jury as to leave no room for doubt upon the subject. The noble defendant was fortunate, not only in having retained the services of, but in being closely connected with, one of the most brilliant forensic advocates of this or of any other age, and to him had been entrusted the defence of this most remarkable, not to say romantic case. All, therefore, that brilliant eloquence, sagacious analysis, and subtle reasoning could do, would be done in behalf of the noble defendant; but still the facts were so indisputable, the evidence that would be adduced would be so conclusive, and the entire justice of the case made so clear, that the jury, under the direction of his Lordship, could come to no other conclusion than an unconditional verdict in favour of the plaintiff.

"Was this property long in the family of the testator, under whose will the plaintiff claims?" inquired the learned judge very solemnly, looking over his spectacles at the grave counsel who had just resumed his seat.

"My lord, I am instructed that it had been in the family for some generations," replied the learned counsel, after a few words of hurried consultation with a sharp, wiry-looking individual behind him.

"Oh!" said the judge, looking grave indeed, and then turning to the jury he said—"I merely asked the question, gentlemen of the jury, for my own private information, and not as being material to the issue that you have to try."

The foreman of the jury bowed very profoundly to his lordship, and murmured something which nobody could hear, while some of the other jurymen looked a little confused, as though they were not quite sure whether they ought not to bow to the judge as well as the foreman.

A great deal of time was occupied, first of all in proving that the will, upon which the whole case turned, was duly proved according to law, in the Registry Courts of the Most Reverend Father in God the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury; and it having been proved that the will had been duly placed under the holy care of the Right Reverend Father in God, a great deal more time was taken up in a discussion—whether that was the proper time for reading the will, even supposing it ought to be read at all; or whether certain witnesses should be examined first, and the last of transfer read.

After an elaborate argument upon these points, the learned judge delivered a very oracular judgment upon the point, in which he reviewed certain precedents with which he was acquainted, and which were established at Westminster somewhere about the time of Chaucer, and concluded by saying that, as in the present case it was quite clear that the will of the testator, who was the former holder of the estate, was the oldest document that appeared in the cause, he could have no doubt that that was the one that ought to be the first read. It, however, the learned counsel for the defence should be of opinion that the decision was not in strict accordance with precedent, upon which the learned judge had not the slightest shadow of a shade of doubt, he would reserve the point, and the learned counsel could have it argued before the full court on the first day of term.

Silvester Langdale said he was much obliged to his lordship, but he did not wish to raise the point; it was of little importance.

"A question of precedent has been involved, let me observe," said the judge, quite awfully.

The technical matters having been duly disposed of, to the satisfaction of the precedent-loving judge, the real business of the case commenced by the counsel for the plaintiff calling as a witness the plaintiff herself.

She was a middle-aged woman, upon whose face the unmistakable marks of care were prominently stamped. Her features which were prominent were very marked, and evidently had once been handsome. All the features were large when looked at singly

but they blended harmoniously together in perfect symmetry Silvester Langdale was irresistibly struck by the countenance the moment he saw it, and the idea that was suggested to his mind was mentally expressed in the observation, "the woman is not a vulgar claimant." Indeed, such were the very words that he used in a note that he handed over the table up to Lord Montalban, as soon as the plaintiff made her appearance in the box.

Her examination in chief was not a very lengthy one. She deposed that she was the widow of the son of the testator, who had bequeathed the estate; she had had a son, who, when about five years old, was stolen from her, and of whom she never could obtain any tidings until recently; and that was nearly the extent of her testimony.

Then came the cross-examination, and that, although it was anticipated that it would be strong, searching, and protracted, was, as it turned out, brief also.

"Now, woman, look at me," said Silvester Langdale, as he commenced his cross-examination.

The request was necessary, perhaps, for she had held her head down during her examination in chief.

As she held her head up, and looked in the face of Silvester Langdale, a sudden pallor suffused her own countenance, and there was a wildness in her eyes which was not there before.

"You have only seen this so-called son of yours, you say, lately?" said Silvester Langdale.

"I have," feebly answered the witness.

"Speak up—my lord and the jury must hear you as well as I, you know," cried the counsel for the defendant.

The witness does not speak up as she is desired, but she is gazing upon Silvester Langdale's face as though she were spell-bound.

"Are you mad, woman?" cries Silvester Langdale, in a tone of irritation.

"O God! I fear I shall go mad," exclaimed the woman passionately, and still gazing with intensity upon Silvester Langdale.

"What is the meaning of this strange behaviour?" inquired the learned judge of the witness.

"Remorse, let us hope, my Lord—remorse, even at the last hour, for the conspiracy to which she has been a party," said Silvester Langdale energetically.

"Remorse!" exclaimed the woman; "no, no, no; say that it is nature asserting her dominion over the heart; say that it is truth asserting itself irresistibly upon the soul. O God, my brain will burst!"

And the witness, clutching the iron rail before her, bowed down her head upon her hand.

There was a lengthened pause in the proceedings of the court.

"Now, pray be calm," said Silvester Langdale; "when did you discover this son of yours?"

"Not till this moment. My child, my child!" shrieked the woman, and fell senseless in the witness box.

The utmost consternation and confusion was created in the court by this incident. The witness was borne senseless away, and the proceedings were of course suspended, and ultimately they were adjourned until the next day.

In the interval it was discovered that the action against Lord Montalban was founded in conspiracy, but the witness who had caused such a sensation in the court was no party to that conspiracy, nor was she cognisant of it. She had been made an instrument of, and a spurious son had been attempted to be foisted upon her. But nature was more potent than artifice.

The solicitors for the plaintiff at first believed that they had been foiled, but upon investigation they found that their game was only being the more surely played. Before the assembling of the court the next day, they had taken steps to deprive Lord Montalban, the noble defendant, of the services of his son-in-law; and so Lord Montalban's daughter's husband was declared by due course of law to be the real owner of the estate which Lord Montalban now enjoyed.

The verdict in the great cause was adverse to Lord Montalban, and yet he and his daughter and his daughter's husband felt something more than satisfaction; and as Augusta Langdale clasped her new found mother to her arms, bright happiness unalloyed reigned over that strangely now united family.

But happiness, even when it is wholly unalloyed, is often rudely checked, even as it is sometimes suddenly produced.

#### CHAPTER XL.

**LORD MONTALBAN AND MARL BASKERVILLE FACE TO FACE.**  
WHEN Marl Baskerville set on foot the inquiries which resulted in the action at law that we have recorded in the last chapter, he little anticipated the almost astounding result that it would lead to. The issue that he had hoped for was the destruction of Lord Montalban, in whose ruin of course those connected with him would have been involved. Count Mouie is continually in the society of the mysterious money-lender, and he has of late had opportunities enough of confirming his suspicion with regard to the state of Baskerville's mind; and since the trial, that the man was morbid, lunatic, he had observed more conclusive evidence than before. Marl Baskerville was a lunatic, but his lunacy was characterised by intense cunning, and we might almost add, of strength of mind, anomalous and contradictory as the declaration may sound. He was so crafty that at times even Count Mouie himself, spite of the unmistakable indications that he had observed, almost doubted that which was a conviction in his mind. The smouldering fire of lunacy was deeply hidden in the recesses of the money-lender's brain, but the Count had observed that now the simple mention of Lord Montalban's name was sufficient to rouse into a fierce flame those smouldering ashes, the remnants of a hope that had long since perished. In all things else, the money-lender was still the shrewd, calculating, deep-revolving man of the world, and he carried out those schemes in which he was associated with Count Mouie, with unerring sagacity and unflinching purpose. This was all that the Count cared for, and so, while the occult lunacy of his confederate did not affect those schemes, he was content to let it have its way, and to allow it to pass unnoticed and unchecked.

It is some days after the memorable trial, and the Count is with Marl Baskerville in the sombre room in Spring Gardens. They are discussing upon certain plans which they have had in hand with regard to the Marchioness of Milltown, and there is trouble upon the countenance of the Count.

"The life she has led has been a merry one indeed," he is saying, "but it is clear that it will be a short one."

"Why do you think so?"

"I do not think—I am convinced of it."

"And so am I," said Marl Baskerville between his teeth. "I have watched her—not as you have done. I have looked into her very heart, and you know why. And that instinct that is within me has told me that she is dying—dying like a retribution. Shall I tell you when the fatal shaft was hurled?"

"Do," said the Count, ill at ease, for he had reason to fear another paroxysm. He had forgotten that now the name of Marie,

Wingrave, Marchioness of Milltown, was terribly associated in the maniac's mind with that of Lord Montalban.

"The fatal shaft was first hurled the night that singing boy was destroyed upon the stage. Like a retribution, then she sickened as she saw her brother's blood gush out upon that stage, although she knew him not as her brother. She has been dying ever since. She was weakened some time ago, they say, by an accident down in the country. She is dying now, in the midst of all her splendour. Again like an unjust retribution, for she knows neither kith nor kin save that brilliant marionette her husband. But that ignorance shall not be of any lengthened duration now. I have seen Langdale, and the secret has been confided to him, and he—and he," cried the excited man, "guess, if you can, what he has proposed."

"What?" inquired the Count eagerly.

"Why, he has proposed that we should make the revelation together—that it shall be done in the fiend's own house, and that it shall strike him down upon his own hearth. Yes, the mother shall be made known to the child—the child shall find a father, and each shall find a Nemesis."

"But how is this proposed to be carried out?" asked the Count.

"Oh, all in hospitable style," chuckled the maniac hideously. "I am to dine there to-night—ay, this very night—and you are to accompany me."

"No, no, I cannot," said the Count peremptorily. "Had he some vague and indefinable fear shadowing his mind? Perhaps he had."

There is a small, but an exceedingly select dinner party at Lord Montalban's, and Silvester Langdale is particularly gay therewith. A casual observer might have attributed this, perhaps, to the fact that he was in reality the lord of the estate which Lord Montalban enjoyed, but that was not the immediate cause of his high spirits. His noble father-in-law was about to be introduced, as he believed, to a new daughter. What a surprise it would be to him—what a strange and romantic affair it was—almost as strange and romantic as the issue of the trial for the estate!

How little can any of us look into the future.

Those who were at the dinner-table who knew Marl Baskerville—the Duke of Chaumontel was there—the Marquis of Milltown was there, and others who knew him—thought that they had never seen him look so infirm. But over the wine he was gay, and they remarked, unusually loquacious, especially with Lord Montalban, whom he rallied over and over again at what he deemed his failing prowess with regard to the decanter. Lord Montalban was not the man to allow himself to be open to such railing, and so by degrees he became more than usually excited.

It was near ten o'clock when Marl Baskerville, as though he had suddenly recollect something, said—

"Oh, by-the-by, my lord, I have a sort of a revelation to make. Let me have a few minutes' undisturbed conversation with you."

For an instant Lord Montalban looked at Silvester Langdale apprehensively, as though he feared that the required conversation would have reference to subjects upon which he had always consulted his son-in-law; the incidents of which consultation are recorded in a former chapter. As however there was an assuring smile upon Silvester Langdale's countenance, Lord Montalban's apprehensions were immediately dispelled, and he led the way to the chamber that looked out upon the park. The gas was lighted therein. Marl Baskerville had tarried for a moment in the hall, but almost immediately joined Lord Montalban, and carrying a small case in his hand, closing the door of the room and bolting it, which, however, Lord Montalban did not observe.

"Now what's the revelation that you have to make to me?" said Lord Montalban, not altogether feeling at his ease.

"Do you remember your memorable Brighton wager?" inquired Marl Baskerville, standing erect at the table. There was no depreciation about him now.

"Oh, it's some joke about that, is it?" said Lord Montalban, gaily.

"Concerning that, but no joke respecting it."

"What is it then?"

"You stole away a young, confiding, loving girl."

"I did what I suppose is done every day," said Lord Montalban, laughing. "What is the meaning of this, Baskerville, may I ask?"

Lord Montalban, the gas-light is between you and your companion, or you might see the terrible glare that is raging in those eyes, that appear to be looking into your very soul.

"That girl, so young, so confiding, so loving, had a daughter."

"Why rake up that at such a time as this?" demanded Lord Montalban, in agitation.

"As you had stolen away the mother, so was that daughter stolen away."

"I know it."

"But not whence carried."

"No! whence?" cried Lord Montalban.

"To infamy—to degradation!"

"How do you know this? and why have you not made it known to me before?" cried Lord Montalban, in a voice of agitation.

"How have I known this?" shouted Marl Baskerville, drawing himself up to his full height. "That young, confiding loving girl, whom you, like a dastard thief stole away—nay, stir not; you shall hear me—that confiding, loving girl was my heart's betrothed—my soul's idol!"

Lord Montalban looks at the maniac before him as though he had some secret charm to fix him powerless to the spot.

"By your libertine and wanton act my heart became crushed—my soul dead—and from that hour, Lord Montalban, I swore to track you down."

As with a convulsive effort Lord Montalban turns, as though he would summon assistance.

"Raise your voice to summon aid—as I see is your intent—and I denounce you, Lord Viscount Montalban!"

Lord Montalban pauses.

"Ay, denounce you, and drag you in your purple and fine linen to a culprit's cell."

"Baskerville, Baskerville, this is masquerading surely; what has produced this change?"

"Change in me? there is no change in me, but my soul must be relieved to-night. Yes, Lord Viscount Montalban, it is for me, at my own will, to drag you, forger, to a culprit's cell."

No wonder that Lord Montalban writhes in agony.

"Nay, more, and you shall not be alone in your degradation. The daughter's husband shall be the companion in infamy of the daughter's father—ha, ha, ha!"

"God! what do you mean?" cried Lord Montalban in anguish.

"Look upon these slips of paper, Lord Viscount Montalban," said Marl Baskerville, as he displayed the documents referred to, "they are forgeries—both of them; the one is forged by Lord Viscount Montalban, and the other is forged by Silvester Langdale, barrister-at-law, and the name the barrister signs is Montalban."

How bitter is the anguish Lord Montalban suffers now.

"For escape there is one alternative, Lord Viscount Montalban," cried Marl Baskerville.

"Name it," eagerly exclaimed Lord Montalban.

"It is not fitting that you and I should longer walk the earth together."

Those eyes are living balls of fire now.

"Here in this case are two pistols, the one is charged, the other blank; take your choice of the first, and we will end this deadly strife across the table."

Lord Montalban is scared, and his senses are almost gone, as he looks gasping across at Marl Baskerville.

"Dastard, do you hesitate?—away, then, to a felon's fate."

"No!" shouted Lord Montalban, desperate to madness.

He seized one of the pistols—Marl Baskerville instantly grasped the other; a moment, a flash, a ringing report, and Lord Montalban and Marl Baskerville both lay dead upon the floor.

Marl Baskerville in his mad excitement had loaded both the pistols.

But the dead money-lender had reasoned cunningly in his own mind. If he had drawn the blank pistol Lord Montalban would have stood open to the charge of murder—the motive, possession of the forged acceptances; if Lord Montalban had drawn the blank pistol, the defence of Marl Baskerville would have been, that the duel was forced upon him by the deceased lord, who desired to remove the damning evidence that was in the forged acceptances. These terrible instruments, as terrible as the weapons with which the mutual slaughter had just been committed, were lying upon the table—no hand to clutch them now.

The report of the two pistols was heard in the room above, and Silvester Langdale, with the Duke of Chaumontel, and the Marquis of Milltown, rushed down-stairs, and burst into the room from which the noise proceeded, and there they at once saw the horrid tragedy that had been enacted.

As though some lucky impulse guided him, Silvester Langdale's eyes almost instantly fell upon the two acceptances that were lying upon the table, and he almost mechanically seized them. The act, of course, will be condemned; it was, of course, against the strict code of morals that should guide an honourable mind, so will it be reasoned, but it was better—perhaps upon the principle that out of evil good can come—that he should seize those papers. No one in all this world save himself knew of their existence, and those two were lying stark and dead at his feet. The act, therefore, of seizing those papers was not a strictly honourable one, but it was undoubtedly a natural one, and no human being that is living now would have acted otherwise, under the same circumstances. The Duke of Chaumontel, and his son, of course, were too much horror-struck at the ghastly sight that was before them to notice the pieces of paper that were on the table, terrible in their import as they were, although harmless in appearance enough, and if they had chance to have observed them, they would have thought nothing of them.

Silvester Langdale saw at a glance what they were, and it was fortunate presence of mind that impelled him to the act of seizing them; and when he was alone, some hours afterwards, and with an agitated heart examined those terrible documents, his first impulse was fervently to think Providence that they had thus fallen in this way. Upon one of the documents he saw his own signature—a signature that he had never written; and then the scene with Lord Montalban came vividly before his mind, and the object of Lord Montalban's visit was thus made manifest.

The perspiration hung in heavy drops upon his brow as he made this examination. What an awful danger had he escaped! The very thought of the escape seemed almost as terrible as the escape itself.

There is a confused noise of wailing in the house of Lord Montalban, and one long piercing shriek has been heard to echo through the house; and as the guardians of the public peace enter, Silvester Langdale is bearing the inanimate form of his wife up the staircase. The guardians of the public peace observing this, and having been informed that dreadful murder has been committed in the house, are under the impression that Silvester Langdale is bearing away the body of the victim, and one of them intimates that probably the gentleman is not aware that the body ought not to be removed.

"Go in there, man," said Silvester Langdale, pointing to the chamber of massacre, and thither the officers of the night go, and are, of course, utterly at a loss under the awful circumstances of the situation what to do; when it struck one of them perhaps it would be as well to send for the divisional surgeon, and this suggestion was about to be acted upon by another officer, who was eager to be the first to carry the dreadful news out of doors, when the medical man of Lord Montalban's family, who had been sent for, arrived. He at once pronounced that life was entirely extinct in the bodies both of Lord Montalban and Marl Baskerville, and nothing remained but for the inquest to be held.

We need not trace the course of woe in that house of mourning. The inquest was duly held; the evidence merely proved that the witnesses knew nothing of the matter, and the jury could only arrive at an open verdict. The newspapers teemed with discussions of the awful tragedy; the writers, one and all, came to the conclusion that the two men had simply fought a duel across the table, long homilies were read upon dueling and the code of honour, and the matter gradually died out of the public mind until it was entirely overshadowed by some new horror.

#### CHAPTER XL.

THE LAST SCENE IN THE LIFE OF MARIE WINGRAVE.

The gloom of the terrible event that happened in Lord Montalban's house is becoming less in its intensity as time wears on—Time, the great obliterator, whose unerring finger rubs out inscriptions upon brass, and crumbles panegyrics that are proclaimed in marble out into obscurity—whose unseen hand smooths out the sad remembrance of a dread calamity, and pointing onward to the future, turns sorrow into hope. Augusta Langdale is changed in this short time, not in her beauty—not in the sweet graces of her mind, but in the attributes that were a kind of contrast to her nobleness of heart and purity of spirit. The calamity that had fallen upon her house had chastened her, and as she once could not brook denial of any desire, no matter what, that she might form, so did she now strive hopefully to suppress all those desires which reason coming to her aid always now told her should not be indulged. She was no longer an extravagant wife as she once was to an indulgent husband. Her fragile fingers no longer were engaged in forging chains upon her husband that might in years, far off as yet, crush him down to ruin. That husband happily was no longer a Man in Chains. The dread calamity in Park Lane had worked a salutary change in him, more striking than in the case of his wife. The experience of a life had been gained to him in a few short hours, and now he was free—free in his heart and soul, erect before the world—a man.

And other changes have taken place in that family circle—and changes still are imminent. The gay throng in Rotten Row goes on in its shining and glittering stream as usual. To the observer on the shores of that bright stream, the people are the same therein, but those whom we have noted specially, in this our record of their lives, are no longer there, and very shortly their absence will be forgotten quite.

The name of Marie Wingrave has died out of all remembrance, and now that of the brilliant Marchioness of Milltown is beginning to fall into the oblivion of the forgotten past.

It is fading fast away through that darkened chamber that is not far away from the gay scene—that chamber from which the glaring light is now excluded, as the death-shadow is deepening therein.

Oh, what a change is there presented! When we saw thee last, Marie Wingrave, Marchioness of Milltown, thou wert glittering in thy beauty, in that gay opera house in which thy brother, then unknown, was suddenly struck down by a retributive agency. The world of fashion was shining all around thee, and its glory seemed to be concentrated upon thee. The brilliant throng that was all around thee, as they looked upon thee, saw thee as but the beauty raised to a great estate, and through their eyes they paid thee and thy surroundings homage, even as they

would have spurned thee if from thy great elevation thou hadst had a sudden fall. Of such is that bright world of fashion—

"That world insatiate in whose harsh decrees  
Black wrongs prescriptive rank as pageantry;  
Where mystic deeds the right of reverence claim,  
In tyrant custom's oft polluted name.  
Deluded hop!—crushed aspirations these,  
Are small amidst thy thousand miseries."

Is that gasping form, with terribly conspicuous and still glittering eyes, that we now see emaciated upon a luxurious couch, the once gay, thoughtless, and brilliant ornament of Rotten Row, at once spurned and eagerly sought after, flattered and vilified, denounced and courted? Is that the once bright Maria Wingrave, the sparkling Marchioness of Milltown? Oh, Fate, art thou but another name that Nemesis should bear!

Strange assemblage round that bed of death—a strange union of family ties that bed of death has cemented; for in that chamber, beside the professional adviser of the great ducal family, are Augusta Langdale and her husband, Severn Barnes and his wife, and the mother of the dying girl who lies gasping in their midst.

There is a feeble, almost inarticulate voice whispering from that bed of death, and a small, tapering hand is directed to the side of the couch; the dying sister would wish to clasp her sister's hand even as she dies, and such the whisper that the dying voice conveys; and still it has another dying hope to gratify, another small, attenuated, and snowy hand is held out on the other side, and the dying sister whispers that she would wish to clasp, even while she dies, a brother's hand, and so Augusta Langdale and Severn Barnes, on either side of that couch of death, take each a snowy hand, but ere they can raise them to their lips the unerring mandate issues, and death shuts out the world from those unclosed eyes that still seem gazing on that scene of grief.

Our story is told. Silvester Langdale still continues the fortunate man, and is now a man of fortune—indeed strikingly demonstrating the truth of the old adage, but he is no longer a man in chains. Bitterly has he learnt that he might strain good fortune, and he has become wise in time, and looks proudly towards that official life for which he in all probability is destined.

The Duke of Chaumont has been heard to say that he always thought his daughter-in-law must have had gentle blood in her veins, but he must take care that the young fool, meaning his son, did not make such a mistake again. That brilliant young nobleman did not at all take his wife's death to heart; he had indeed practically abandoned her when she became ill, and at the very moment that she was dying he was taking a faultless new suit of clothes out for a drive in the Park.

THE END.

## A BATTLE WITH DESTINY. BOOK THE SECOND.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE HOUSE IN EATON-SQUARE.

It was not the largest or the grandest looking one in that fashionable quarter of our great metropolis. But it was the most noticeable, and externally, its comfortable appearance made it attractive to no ordinary extent.

The summer was fading, but blooming, fragrant flowers in handsome pots stood in tasteful array in front of the dining-room window. The weather was breaking; uncertain heavy rains, or howling, gusty winds, carrying with them clouds of black dust, were of daily occurrence. Still the curtains appearing in the front of this particular house were marvellously white and of a material as beautiful and costly as it was rare—and it was very rare.

The flight of steps leading to the front door, or those that went down to the kitchen, was scrupulously clean always, and awed the numerous tradesmen's servants, whose boots—if there was a grain of mud by any means to be found carried a lively specimen of it—ascended the steps to the door, or descended those to the kitchen, with a guilty consciousness that they were committing, not only a heinous crime, but an enormous sin.

Taking as a usual observer an external view of the house, it led me to wonder involuntarily who were its occupants, as did many members of the aristocratic community, more especially those delightful tame cats, in the shape of disappointed spinster and old dowager ladies on the shady side of life and fortune, who make scandal a connecting link to bind them to others of their class.

In the natural course of events, little insignificant events, that transpire in a very short time—people saw and learned that this house in Eaton-square was the home of Annabel Clyde, the ward of Sir Charles Merton, and the lady who boldly rescued young Captain Merton from prison. The mystery ended then—public opinion and forebodings changed into public curiosity, the lonely heiress of so strange and brief a romance could even be tolerated by society, as her position promised a mild sort of sensation or a novelty for the man, a curious sort of thing to be seen and catalogued upon by the silly portion of female aristocracy.

But society was disappointed; the lonely occupant of the house in Eaton-square kept from the fashionable circles; she was seen to go about in mourning; people had no need to wonder whom it was for; the papers teemed with various accounts of the death of Captain Merton after his escape from prison, and they knew it was for him Annabel Clyde wore her sable, dreary robes.

After that sad event the lonely occupant of the clean-looking house was seldom seen; and even when she took a morning drive with her friend and chaperone, Mrs. Monnoter, and the persons who had seen the poor pale girl, and marked the grief in her sorrowful face, pitied her for the blight that had fallen upon her young life.

London, with its numerous pleasures and gaiety, had no charms for her. Each day was more wretched than the preceding one. Life itself was a burden, because hope no longer remained.

One evening, when the weather was dull and the streets dreary, the peerless Annabel Clyde sat with her friend Mrs. Monnoter, alone in silent sadness by the drawing-room window, looking out upon the cheerless squares, deep in thought, lost in a reverie that cast its melancholy shadow on the white and lovely face that looked almost divine in its gentle quiet.

Mrs. Monnoter sat in silence too, watching her young charge, wistfully hoping in her heart that Annabel would cheer up, longing to see a smile on her young face again. But she did not. Annabel was asleep to all around her; she seemed looking into the distant darkness that was slowly falling on the earth for something to relieve her heart of its sadness, her mind of its loneliness.

"Annabel darling, come from the window, and try to be happy, a little; you must not give way, my pet." She drew the young girl's head to her breast and pressed her lips and the smooth, fair brow. Annabel looked up then, the protracted silence had done its work, her spirits seemed quite broken, and the tale of love and sympathy that smote her even brought the tears to her eyes, and she wept, for therein only lay relief.

"Come, love," Mrs. Monnoter went on, even more gently than before. "Bear up, my pet; the world is not so dark and drear but it has one bright ray of gladness for you." "I feel," replied the sorrowful girl, "that the world is indeed drear and bleak to me; and it always will be so. Why are we here alone away from all I love and cherish? Why does not my darling guardian let me return to him? Indeed, I am unhappy; my heart seems dead, my thoughts will wander away, and my mind is barren and wretched. Is there no peace for a harrowed soul?"

"Yes, darling," answered the matron. "There is peace, and it will come to you, if you bear up against your grief. Be patient and hopeful; be contented with your lot; love and thank the Lord it is no worse. Remember, darling, the many poor, suffering creatures who lose every kindred tie and loving heart—their houses, their friends—and wander through the world alone, die like dogs by the roadside when their time has come—think, darling, of the thousands of sorrows, gigantic in their awful, dreary proportions to your own misfortune, and feel grateful that worse has not happened."

"Oh, Mrs. Monnoter, could worse have happened?—put away from darling guardy, taken from the place I adore, robbed of poor dear Chandos, and his such a dreadful fate! I do feel wretched beyond power of description. I feel worse than even the poor outcasts you have named. To be shelterless and alone in the great world—to wander on through the country far away, unknown, unnoticed, uncared for—to listen to the moaning of the night winds and watch through long dark hours for the coming day, would be less hard than my present helpless state of wreck and ruin. Nights to me alone are not monotonous. But every hour, day after day as they come and go, wear upon weak, only grow more and more dismal, until I feel the most unhappy in this wide wide world."

Poor girl, she may, she had suffered much, but she knew little of the dreary life of a homeless wanderer to compare it with her own; she may have felt desolate, dismal, but not so dismal as the outcast whose lot it is to "wander up and down" where shelter is homesweat, beds, and sleepers are by thousands, a houseless, dejected creature. To pace the echoing stones from hour to hour, counting the dull chimes of the clocks, to watch the lights twinkling in chamber windows, to think what happy forgetfulness, what gentle peace and repose each house shuts in—the gentle peace and repose that are the common lot of all, of childhood, age, wealth, beauty, poverty—all equal now, because all at rest—to have nothing in common with the slumbering world around, not even sleep, Heaven's blessed gift to all its creatures—to be skin to nothing, to despair. Misery and desolation—to feel by the wretched contrast with everything on every hand more utterly alone than on a trackless desert. This, and this alone, is a kind of suffering that so many wretched mortals are subjected to, and so few believe. Poor Annabel, she suffered much, she knew what a heart's wreck, a blight upon her young existence, the desolation of a soul laid waste was. But she could not compare her misery to this.

Mrs. Monnoter remonstrated with her for so entirely giving herself up to despair. But Annabel could not shake off her grief.

"I fear our troubles have not yet ended," she muttered. "I had such dreadful dreams last night. Oh, how I wish dear gurdy would write to me."

"He will, pet," answered Mrs. Monnoter. She had sublime faith in the General, and knew his ardent paternal affection for Annabel was all real and undying. "Patience, love, becomes us all in the hour of trial; fear not but that we shall hear very soon from your guardian."

Annabel Clyde shook her head with a solemn earnestness her matronly companion did not like to see.

"Have faith, Annabel—faith in yourself, in those you trust, and that your heart yearns for is sure to come."

Annabel was silent.

"Had you faith in your promise, when you vowed to prove the innocence of poor young Captain Chandos? If you had, keep to it; be the brave girl you ever were, and let the world see that woman can be—aye, and is—the most efficient helper of man."

"But Chandos is dead," said Annabel, with quivering lips, and a moisture rose to her eyes. She could not think of her heart's idol being torn away from the world and her unmoved.

"There is no longer any hope for me. He is beyond the reach of the law, far away where even a breath of calumny cannot hurt him."

"But he has a name. It was a noble one once," urged the lady. "He had honour as spotless as a sheet of writing-paper—spotless as the virgin's soul—why, then, let him sink into oblivion with a dark stain clinging to his memory? and then, love, remember your vow to him when last you stood by his side. Have you forgotten it? Can you forget it?"

"Never; nor will I fail to fulfil it if I live; and I will live for that—for him. Even now a doubt hangs upon his death. God in his goodness may have spared him for us; we shall see."

She spoke that as if it were as sudden almost as a divine inspiration. Some of the sleeping fire in her heart shone in her large mournful eyes then, and Mrs. Monnoter regarding her fixedly saw much of Merton's grand nobility was concentrated in that fair fragile being.

While they had been talking darkness stole upon them, the square on which they had been gazing was hidden in a misty gloom, and the dark chill of night entered the open casement, and fell upon them like a foreshadow of coming evil.

Mrs. Monnoter with her lovely charge withdrew from the window and rang the bell for a servant to bring lights. Scarce had the summons been complied with, when a loud double knock at the outer door made them both start, and while they sat wondering who intruded upon them at such an hour of the night, a footman announced with a delivery entirely belonging to that fraternity—

"Mr. Morton Luke," and that gentleman entered. He was conspicuous in large finger rings, gold chains, and sleek black cloth. But the ladies to whom he was announced noticed not that; they only saw the paleness of his face and the uneasy glance of his eyes. He looked like a messenger of bad news. He was one.

"We are glad you have come, Mr. Luke," said Mrs. Monnoter; "we have been waiting for news; let us hope you are the carrier of joyful tidings."

Mr. Norton Luke glanced uneasily, pityingly towards Annabel, and then fixed his eyes upon Mrs. Monnoter, that lady's heart sunk like lead. A man with good news would not have done so, she saw then he had some misfortune, some more dreary tidings to impart, and almost wished he had not come. Annabel saw and read his looks too, placing her hand to her breast to still the throbings of her poor, agitated, suffering heart, and sat resolutely in her chair, prepared to hear and bear the worst.

"Speak, sir," she said, stifling the inward emotion back and keeping the tremor that shook her frame from appearing in her voice, "speak, Mr. Luke, your communications are not so bad, so painful but that we can hear them."

Norton Luke, still standing, made a beginning with some difficulty; it was not his intention to disguise any of the melancholy truth from them, but he did not want the thunderbolt he was unfortunately destined to hurl upon their heads to fall with a too crushing force.

"I am grieved, Miss Clyde, to inform you that I have the worst the most unhappy news. It makes me almost regret the power of speech that has been given me when I think of the misery it enforces me to hurl upon you; still if you can hear me, if you can prepare to hear the worst—the climax of an accursed string of evils that have wond themselves around you—I will speak."

Poor Annabel, her tiny hands clenched until the nails on her fingers buried themselves in the palms of her hand, while a choking lump rose to her throat and made her speak huskily, though she said but two words—

"Go on."

Norton Luke looked at her again, he saw in the fair fragile girl a resigned, strong minded woman, prepared with the fortitude of a Roman hero to hear that which perhaps would leave her an outcast and make her life a hopeless blank. He made the best of it then, for it was too late to retract, and so told all.

"I have come hither from Ucksworth, Miss Clyde, with all speed to tell you all that I have heard and witnessed—all that has for some unknown and wicked motive been kept from you. Your

noble guardian, Sir Charles Merton, can no longer watch over you; he is—"

"Dead!" murmured Annabel, more hoarsely than before.

"No, thank God! not that; but his many successive misfortunes have robbed him of reason, and he is now an inmate of a madhouse."

Annabel listened and heard. No tears dropped from her lovely eyes; there was not a trace of blood or life in her cheeks; she dropped her chin upon her breast, clasped her hands upon her knees, and ejaculated, in a voice that seemed to issue from a statue—

"Go on."

"The splendid estates, the whole of the personal property and assets of Sir Charles Merton have gone over to his half-sister, Mrs. Derby, and her son, leaving you penniless, powerless, destitute, for all I know, for there was no provision, not even to the extent of a shilling, made for you; and the merciless wretches who have done this can turn you from beneath this roof at an hour's notice. I speak of Mr. Gordon Saville and his wife, Mrs. Derby, who was married to him the week after Sir Charles Merton was taken to the madhouse."

He paused then. The protracted silence of the two ladies disquieted him; their silent but visible agony of soul touched him to the heart, and the twitching of his mouth, as he suddenly strode to and fro in the room, showed the extent to which he was upset.

He glanced almost beseachingly at Annabel to speak, but never a word left her lips.

"Miss Clyde," he exclaimed, vehemently, "do not give way so. In the name of Heaven, I implore you to bear up. A higher power is watching over you than mortal wickedness can destroy; the hand of Providence will free you from these trials. Then I will openly and fearlessly swear that those wretches have come into possession of the property by foul means; and I swear by the light of day, by the one loving heart I hope to call mine some day, by the God that watches over us, to unravel this mystery to its base, and drag to the dust, to an awful, ignominious end, the villain who has wrought so much misery upon you and yours. The reign of sin is always a short one; the power of the devil is subtle and blighting, but it dies away soon, and his victims are left to the tender mercy of an outraged justice. Then let them beware, for I will have no mercy."

The poor, pale, beautiful girl seemed to listen and hear all he said, but she did not reply to him when he ceased speaking. She was like one in a dream. The dreadful truths he had uttered still rang in her ears, and unconsciously she remarked—

"Poor darling guardy in a madhouse, his wealth and property in the hands of those wicked beings who put him there; and I alone—alone, indeed! Chandos dead, dear guardy gone! God help me—God help us! for we need it now." "Oh, my heart—my heart!"

She rose staggering from the chair, and stretched out her hand for Mrs. Monnoter's. She was like one suddenly bereft of sight, as with fixed gaze, bloodless face, and parched lips she tottered by the side of Mrs. Monnoter out of the room, passing Mr. Norton Luke like a lovely Greek statue, stately in bearing but feeble in step—cold, rigid, and silent. Oh, so silent! It made that strong man shiver as he sank upon his seat, and, with his hands over his face, he sobbed in anguish at the sufferings of that young and lovely being.

(To be Continued.)

(Commenced in number 374 of the "LONDON HERALD.")

### LAND VIEW OF THE BAY OF NAPLES.

THE Bay of Naples has been so often described, that we need only refer to the very beautiful illustration on the present page.

The prospect from the higher grounds is very brilliant especially at certain seasons. The delightful azure of sea and sky produces a pleased and soothing effect upon the beholder. Generally the sky is perfectly cloudless and the atmosphere is like a sea of light. To persons from the British Isles having a taste for the picturesque, the cloudless sky does not afford a constant pleasure. The cloud scenery of the British Isles, especially on the Atlantic side of Ireland possesses a variety and a grandeur unknown to Naples.

The Bay so designated is much more beautiful from the sea than from the land. It is seen to more advantage from the deck of a vessel than from any land elevation. It has, however, beauty as it is, two rivals, and it has not yet been decided by common consent which of the three grand scenes is the finest. The Bay of Messina in Sicily is supposed by many to deserve the preference; that of Dablin wins the approbation of another large class, while Naples itself is considered by others the most perfect of the three.

### IMPÉRIAL PARLIAMENT.

On Tuesday the House of Commons met, between sixty and seventy members being present when the Speaker took the chair. The re-elected Ministers were duly in waiting; and on being called on came up to the table in a "plump." Conspicuous amongst them were Mr. Bright and Mr. Cardwell; but it was only after the group was formally arranged that Mr. Gladstone joined them—an opportunity being thus afforded for a loud cheer as he walked up the floor. At this time the Opposition was represented by just ten members, thus showing that it was due to the exertions of the Ministerial "Whip" that the prescribed "forty" and more legislators were brought into the House so carefully. As each Minister was sworn he gilded away behind the Speaker's chair; leaving the Treasury Bench to the care of Mr. Ayrton and Mr. Glyn; the latter at once began to move the writs for the re-election of the Scotch and Irish members who, being in the Government, have to be re-elected by their constituents. On the first motion being made, the quietude which prevailed was broken by the appearance of Viscount Bury, who began a diatribe about the inconvenience of members being brought to town for two mock sessions in the winter season; and especially denounced the statute of Anne, which renders re-election necessary to new holders of office. Probably under the supposition that there was going to be a debate, most of the Ministers came back, with the Prime Minister at their head; but no one seemed to think it worth while openly to sympathise with Lord Bury, so the writs all went; and, though Mr. Goldney seemed imminent with a disquisition, a judicious word or two from Mr. Ayrton to him appeared to quench his ardour, and except a few notices of motion, notably one by Lord Bury, for the repeal of the provision of the statute of Anne which was the text of his grievance, there was no obstacle immediate adjourned to 16th February.

**METROPOLITAN COMMON POOR FUND.**—The Poor Law Board have issued their first precepts under the provisions of the Metropolitan Poor Act, 1867, secs. 61-70, to the guardians of the metropolitan unions and parishes, for the amounts of their contribution to the Metropolitan Common Poor Fund for the half-year ended Lady-day last in respect of expenses repayable out of that fund to the several unions and parishes in the metropolis. The contributions have been assessed at the rate of 2d. in the pound on the annual ratable value of the property in the metropolitan district. In the case of some unions and parishes the expenditure repayable on account of the Lady-day half-year is in respect of three months only, in consequence of the full payments for the six months not having been made until after the date at which the accounts for the half-year were closed.

## THE DRAWING ROOM.

## THE FASHIONS.

EVENING TOILETTE.—The first robe is of tulle. The under skirt plain, with three little rolls of satin upon it; above is a very full skirt, cut in four scallops deeply marked and inclined to be pointed, one at the back, one in front, and one each side. This also is trimmed with three little satin rolls, the first binding the edge. The bodice is of silk, cut square below the bosom, and filled to the right altitude with tulle puffed horizontally with a roll of satin between each puffing, a row at the top and bottom of the puffing, finished with a lace edge. The sash is of the tulle edged round with three rows of the satin, arranged the same as on the skirt. This is a light, elegant, and not at all an expensive toilette. It may be of white tulle, the trimming white satin, cerise, blue, pink, or myrtle green; one large rose is to be placed in the bosom of the dress a little on one side. A second rose on the top of the head, and the third rose in the hair a little to one side of second. A satin ribbon to correspond in colour with the trimming of the skirt, and from which a locket is suspended, may be tied round the neck. If the dress is composed of white tulle, the bodice is to be of white silk. A yard will be sufficient for this style and need not be expensive; the silk keeps the figure a better shape than any other material. The petticoat under the tulle may be of

round the back from hip to hip. In front it is much shorter, and describes one festoon only, like an apron piece. Of course the four festoons behind are smaller than the front ones. Wherever the dress is caught up by the strap of tarlatan, a rosette is placed. In the centre of each rosette is a little cluster of white snowdrops. The berthe is pointed before and behind, but only about half the depth of the bodice. It is made of white tulle drawn horizontally, and very full, an edging of blond lace at the top, turned down, and hanging from the edge. The blond lace is headed by a small ruche of the green tarlatan. At the points before and behind are two green rosettes filled with snowdrops like those on the skirt.

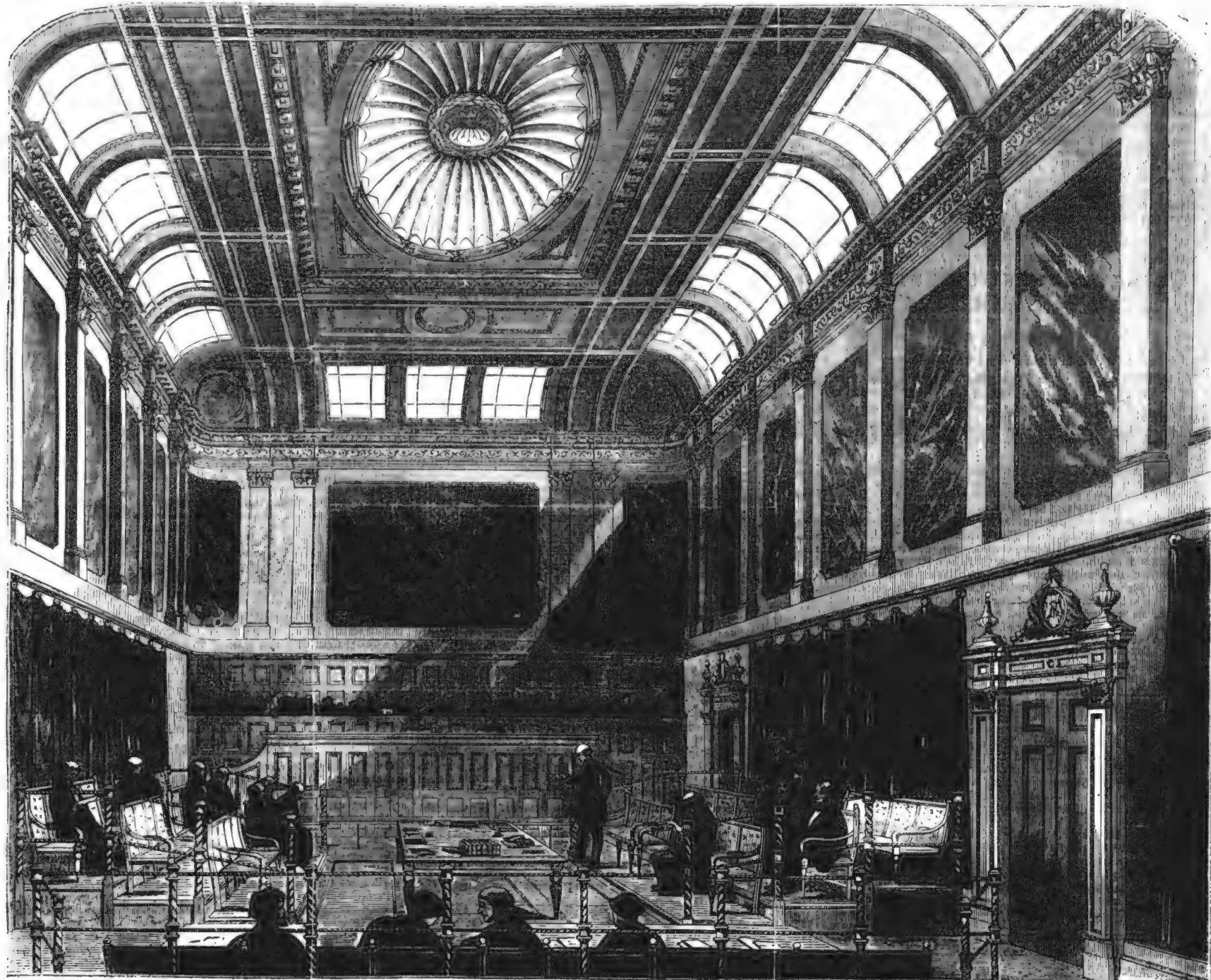
This toilette may be very prettily made in pale pink tarlatan, or tulle, in place of the green trimming, using inch wide black ribbon velvet; the rosettes to be of pink filled with snowdrops, or of black velvet bows with a rose in each. The petticoat must be made of pale pink silk or of pink muslin, for coloured tarlatan loses its effect if worn over a white skirt. Or the dress may be entirely of turquoise blue, the trimmings of blue satin, and a very pale blush rose, in the centre of each rosette of black velvet. The roses that look best with blue are by daylight a saffron-yellow with deep pink hearts. By gas or lamp light these look like mellow blush roses of the palest pink. Or the first skirt may be of black silk or satin, the upper of black satin, and the trimmings of gold coloured satin. A fourth toilette is a pearl-grey rich silk. A flounce scarcely four inches wide is box pleated on very full. It is cut in well marked vandykes before pleating, so that when put on, the lower

case need only be simulated. It is also very suitable for velvet trimmed with lace; or the tunic only may be of velvet, the under skirt of satin. If lace is not possessed, the flounces on the satin skirt may be of the satin, and the velvet may be edged with three rolls of satin.—*The Lady's Own Paper.*

## BOARD OF WORKS.

THE Board of Works, the Board Room of which is admirably illustrated on this page, is one of the most useful institutions of the metropolis. The works undertaken, such as the main drainage, the Thames embankment, public parks, &c., &c., have been of immense magnitude and great cost. The expenses of these great undertakings are borne by the ratepayers, who feel the pressure exceedingly. At present some of the most important of the works are stopped from want of funds, such has been the gigantic expenditure of "the Board."

DEATH OF SIR HERBERT B. EDWARDES, K.C.B.—We regret to state that Sir Herbert B. Edwardes died last week at Holles-street, Cavendish-square. Sir Herbert Benjamin Edwardes, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.C.L., LL.D., was the son of the Rev. Benjamin Edwardes, of Frodesley, Shropshire, and grandson of Sir John Thomas Cholmondeley Edwardes, eighth baronet, of Shrewsbury born 1819, was educated at King's College, London; entered the Indian army 1840, became lieutenant in 1843, captain 1850, brevet lieutenant-colonel 1854, brevet-colonel 1860, was aide-de-camp to



BOARD ROOM OF THE METROPOLITAN BOARD OF WORKS.

white silk, or a couple of bock muslin skirts can be worn. The same design for a dress will look very handsome in black tulle over black silk or satin. The trimming may be scarlet, gold colour, or white. For greater economy, the very same design may be carried out in white tarlatan, the trimming laid on with coloured tarlatan, or in white muslin with satin ribbon.

The second robe is of blue silk, with a horizontal puffing of blue tulle, three-quarters of a yard deep on the lower part of the skirt. The sleeves are of blue silk, with blue tulle puffed over them. The bodice and tunic are of white silk. The tunic ends two or three inches above the puffing of the skirt; it is straight at the edge, and follows the slope of the puffing; this tunic is edged with a broad white ribbon ruche. The bodice ends straight across back and front close to the arms, but with only strap over them, and it is edged with a ruche, not quite so wide as that on the skirt. The top of the bodice is completed by puffings of blue tulle over blue silk, like those on the skirt. A blue waistband without ends is secured in front by a large blue rosette.

A third toilette is of white tarlatan. On the front skirt a flounce five inches deep is gathered, allowing one inch as a heading. Over the stitches is a two inch wide bright green band of tarlatan or ribbon. If tarlatan, it is cut on the straight end folded. A second skirt is made only five inches shorter behind, but less in front, and edged with a three inch wide flounce, set on without a heading, and with a band of green not quite so wide as the first one. This is well looped up by five straps of green coming from the waist, all

part of the flounce between each pleat describes a small point, the upper part is short. It is bound rather deeply with white satin, and placed on under a heading consisting of a three inch wide fold of the pearl grey silk, with inch wide folds of white satin in the centre. Five inches above this is another three inch wide band of the silk, with an inch wide centre of white satin. And again above all this is a flounce similar in all respects to the first and headed in a precisely corresponding manner. The bodice is trimmed with a Marie Antoinette fichu which forms a sash behind, and is trimmed with a frill headed by a band on the lower part of the fichu, and all round the sash. The upper band was a band only.

A fifth toilette is of white tarlatan or tulle. The frill skirt edged with a green flounce ten inches deep set on in fine pleats, all going one way, with a very slight heading. The tunic describes one scallop across the front to the waist; it is separate down the back and slightly folded over. The back also describes one scallop dipping to within ten inches of the under flounce. The tunic is edged all round with a five or six-inch wide flounce, the front first placed over the back at the waist. At the waist where this ends a knot of three bows of five-inch wide green ribbon is placed, with the end six-eighths long. A bertha is formed on the bodice by a green flounce, three inches wide, tucked down in folds, and a knot of green bows on each shoulder.

This toilette may be rendered in rich gros grain silk, of any colour, lace flouncing substituted for the green. The tunic in that

Lord Gough in the first Sikh war (1845-6), and severely wounded at the battle of Moodkee (1845); was present at the battle of Sobraon (1846); and assistant to the Resident at Lahore, 1846. On the Rebellion of Dewan Moolraj, governor of Mooltan (1848), he raised an irregular force, and defeated the rebel, shutting him up in his fort, and capturing ten guns, for which exploit he was made C.B. and brevet-major; received the hon. degree of D.C.L. at Oxford, 1850, was re-employed in the Civil Administration of the Punjab 1851, and created K.C.B. 1860, for his services as Commissioner of the Peshawar frontier in the mutiny of 1857; received the hon. degree of LL.D. at Cambridge 1860; was again employed in the Punjab as Commissioner of the Cis-Sutlej States, 1862; left India on sick-leave 1864, and was created K.C.S.I. 1866; married, 1850, Emma, daughter of James Sidney, Esq. Created Knight in 1860.

THE ABYSSINIAN DONATION BATTAS.—The Duke of Argyll, as Secretary of State for India, has signalled his Advent to office by taking up the claims of the crews of the three hospital transport troopers—viz., the Queen of the South, the Mauritius, and the Golden Fleece—to a share in the six months' batta money, which has been paid to the Army corps, eighty in number, who were on board the hospital transports during the late expedition, and receive their batta out in India, whilst the brave British sailors forming the crews have not yet received their well-earned rewards. Through the Duke of Argyll their claims have been referred to the Lords of the Treasury, and will shortly have their decision.

## THE MISTLETOE.

OUR ancestors considered Christmas in the double light of a holy commemoration and a cheerful festival; and, accordingly, distinguished it by devotion, vacation from business, merriment, and hospitality. The custom of Christians decorating churches and houses with evergreens appears to have been copied from the Pagans. It is related that when Druidism prevailed, the houses were decked with evergreens in December, that the sylvan spirits might repair to them, and remain unsnipped with frost and cold winds, until a milder season had renewed the foliage of their darling abode. "Against the feast of Christmas (says Stow) every man's house, as also the parish churches, were decked with holme and ivy, bays, and whatsoever the season of the year afforded to be green. The conduits and standards in the streets were likewise garnished."—The custom of adorning windows at Christmas with bay and laurel (says Bourn) is but seldom used in the north; but in the south, particularly the universities, it is very common, not only to deck the common windows of the town, but also the chapels of the colleges, with branches of laurel, which was used by the ancient Romans as the emblem of peace, joy, and victory. In the Christian sense it may be applied to the victory gained over powers of darkness by the coming of Christ."

The mistletoe (says Brand) never entered sacred edifices but by mistake or ignorance of the sextons, it being the heathenish and profane plant which was in such distinction in the Pagan rites of Druidism. It had its place assigned it in the kitchen, where it was hung up in great state with its pearl-like berries; and whatever female chanced to stand under it, the young men present either had a right, or claimed one, of saluting her, and of plucking off a berry at each kiss."

The high veneration in which the Druids were anciently held by people of all ranks, proceeded in a great degree from the cures they wrought by means of the mistletoe of the oak, this tree being sacred to them, but none so that had not the mistletoe upon it. "At this season of the year (says Stukeley) was

that the maid who was not kissed under it at Christmas would not be married in that year." In the North, a similar custom is observed, viz., that of kissing a maiden over a bunch of holly. Polydore Virgil says that "trimming of the temples with hangings, flowers, boughs, and garlands was taken of the heathen people which decked their idols and houses with such arraye."

## ANOTHER ACCOUNT OF THE MISTLETOE.

THIS bewitching parasite, which creates so much fun and excites such a vast amount of coquetry at our Christmas gatherings was, when found on an oak-tree, regarded with the utmost reverence by our British forefathers, and plucked for them with mystic ceremonial by their crafty Druid priesthood. Pliny (B. xvii, cap. 44) tells us that this extremely rare oak-nurtured mistletoe was supposed to have been planted by the Supreme Deity, to be used by the faithful as a potent charm against all misfortunes, and a certain cure for all diseases; while they imagined that when found on other trees it was either an exudation from the bark or else formed from the atmosphere when in a particular condition. Some pretty little stories have been indulged in by the learned at various times relative to the mistletoe. The Abbé de Vallenon, an ecclesiastic and well-known French naturalist, assures us that if a piece of the stalk of oak-grown mistletoe be cut in two, a distinct figure of the sun may be traced in the fibres, and that from this circumstance the Phenician-descended Druids revered it as a symbol of the invisible source of life of which our sun is the reflection. And M. Menet wishes us to believe that this plant, always green and smiling, with its white berries, when winter winds are fiercest, is an emblem of our Lord, and a type of the goodness of God. However this may be, let us ever cherish the time-honoured mistletoe at our Christmas feast, and when in February or March, we see a tiny seed grafted from the parent plant falling neglected to the ground, let us tenderly capture it, and placing it in a snug nook of some pet hawthorn or apple-tree, wish it God-speed to grow and blossom till its services are required to make the bashful bold, and the coy maid blushing, at Christmases yet to come.

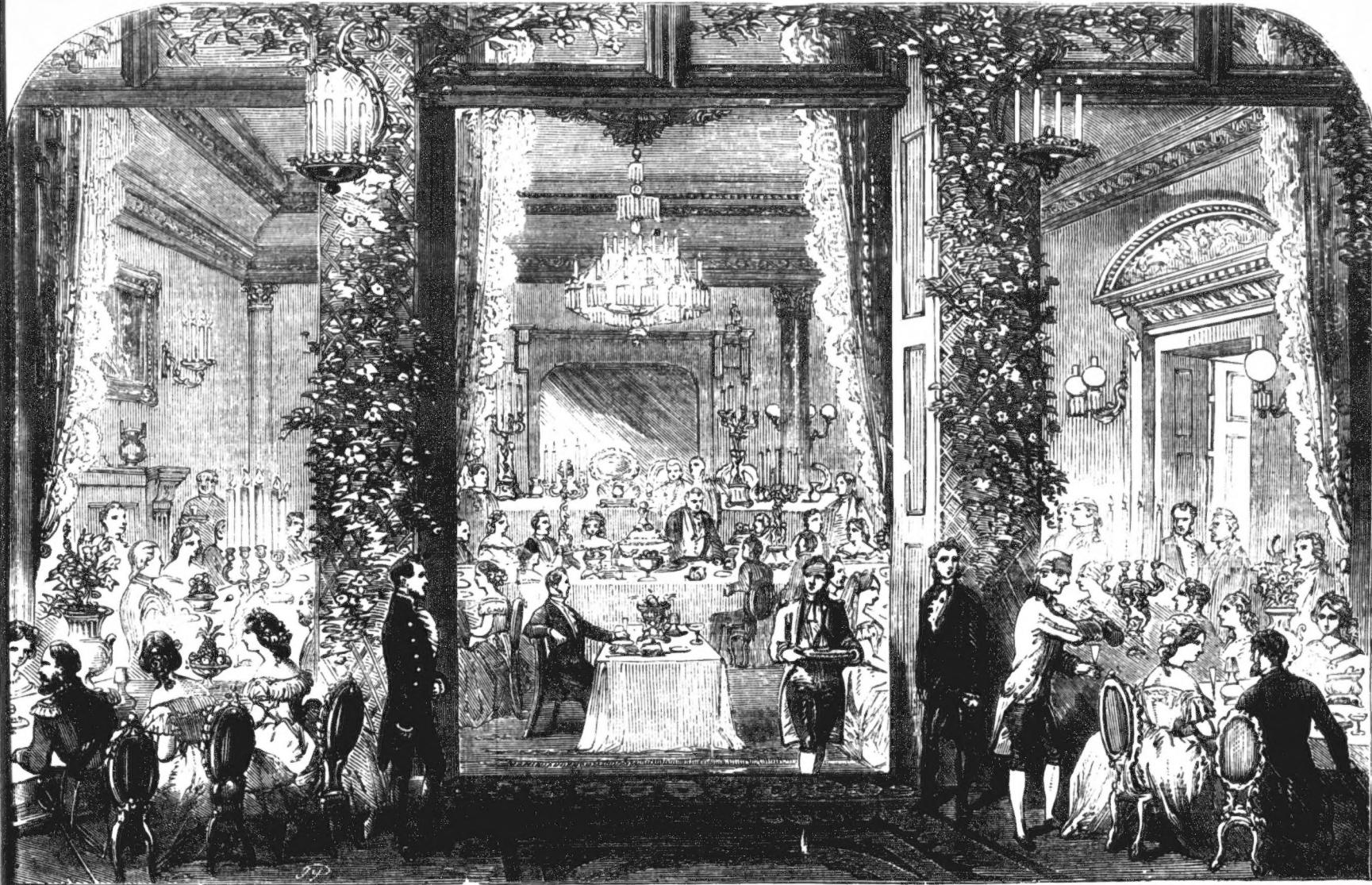
What though that mighty empire's gone,  
On which the sun ne'er set,  
His orb shall rise once more to crown  
Our new-born glories yet!"

Thus sang the Spanish nation all,  
O'er their hills and valleys far,  
From Malaga to Santander,  
From Cadiz to Navarre;  
From the Douro to Gibraltar's Rock,  
From Gerona to the Ocean,  
All Spain rang out with song and shout—  
Hail out in glad communion!

Oh, came you by the bridge of doom  
That spans the southern river?  
Saw you the Bourbon's farewell flight  
On the banks of the Guadaluquivir?  
Or have you been at Santander,  
In the stubborn north far down,  
Where the streets ran o'er with the people's gore,  
Till at last they held their own?

Saw you Madrid's gay banners wave?  
Saw you her heroes enter?  
Felt you the throb, at the Puerto del Sol,  
Of the nation's heart and centre?  
Viva! for Prim, for the warrior grim,  
And brown as a bronzed gitano!  
Viva! to the sky mounts the welcoming cry,  
For the victor chief Serrano!

And where is SHE, while her race's doom  
Is proclaimed by all her people?  
Mid beating drums and ringing bells  
From every tower and steeple?



A NOBILITIES' CHRISTMAS PARTY.

## A LAY OF THE SPANISH REVOLUTION.

A lay! A lay! A trumpet lay!  
A glad and a glorious strain!  
For a nation free, and a victory  
For the good old cause again!

It was at merry Michaelmas,  
When the vintage time comes round,  
And pomegranate and olive ripe,  
Smile o'er the Spanish ground;  
A cry went up o'er all the land,  
Like the roar of the surging sea,  
And 'twas "Down with the Bourbons! Down for aye!  
With the Bourbon tyranny!"

"Too long! Too long they've tortured us  
Beneath their ruthless yoke,  
And flayed our flesh and drained our blood  
Till our heart-strings nearly broke.  
Now we, who've borne all this too long—  
A cause of shame to men—  
Shall vindicate Spain's ancient name,  
And Spaniards be again!"

"We'll take our stand for that old land  
Th' Hidalgo sires that bore,  
The glorious land of the knightly west,  
The land of the Campadore!  
Whose iron infantry unchecked  
Marched Europe through and through,  
Taught haughty Italy to yield,  
And France and Holland too."

"Who won the new world of the west  
In conquest stern and fleet;  
And sat enthroned on the Andes' crest  
With two oceans at her feet!"

Lo! where on Biscay's rock she stands,  
Forlorn, above the ocean,  
Whose stormy billows rudely mock  
Her rage and wild emotion.

Her sceptre now a broken reed,  
And crushed her royal crown,  
Not a champion left on Spanish ground,  
Not a road to call her own!  
And he who in Spain's bleeding rights  
Had dyed his hands deep red—  
EPAVO in name, in nature too—  
Her Liberator is fled!

A train! A train! Down the line a main  
A fast and farewell train!  
Oh, take her away to the Frenchman's land,  
Or any land but Spain!  
Away! Away! 'Twas the last sad ray  
Of the Bourbon sun now set—  
A race who wisdom ne'er could learn,  
And folly ne'er forgot!

Awakened Europe hails the star  
New risen o'er the gloom,  
Th' Iberian star of Peace and Hope,  
Above th' oppressor's tomb.  
In its pure light the words are writ,  
The noble lesson's given,  
Let Freedom do her own good work,  
And vengeance leave to Heaven!

A lay! A lay! A trumpet lay!  
A glad and a glorious strain!  
For a nation free, and a victory  
For the good old cause again!

## LITERATURE, SCIENCE &amp; ART.

"The Porter's Christmas Eve," a North-Eastern Lay. *Durham Chronicle* Office.

A SORT OF CHRISTMAS CAROL, written in a genial spirit in the interest of the railway porters.

"The Boy's Own Magazine." London: Ward, Lock and Tyler. THIS admirably illustrated Journal of History and Adventure sustains its reputation. It has in the present number met all the requirements of the season.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED have themselves published the words of their lively and spirited entertainment, which ought to be read and seen by all who have an appreciation of Wit, Wisdom, and Humour, and good acting.

"Mrs. Beeton's Book of Household Management." London: Ward, Lock and Tyler.

THIS is the eleventh part; another will complete the work. The present one is well suited for Christmas times, affording instruction to matrons to prepare with taste and efficiency all the delicacies of the season.

"The Young Englishwoman." London: Ward, Lock and Tyler.

BEAUTIFUL as ever, abounding with pleasant stories, pleasant poetry, the fashions, and everything pleasant which ladies can desire to know, and expect to find, in a magazine. The illustrations are excellent.

"Beeton's Great Book of Poetry." London: Ward, Lock and Tyler.

THIS is the third part only of thirteen parts in which the work will be completed, so that the lovers of poetry will be in time to begin and go through with the series. The selections are made with perfect judgment and appreciation of the popular taste.

## ANOTHER BATCH OF ALMANACKS.

"Royal Exchange Assurance." Incorporated 1720.

THERE is an appropriateness in an insurance company issuing an Almanack. In the present instance this has been done with great success. It is very taking in appearance, and very accurate in its details.

"Weatherley's Almanack." New North-street, W.C. A very excellent almanack, compiled and calculated with the greatest care and accuracy, and arranged with order and efficiency. It affords much useful information, and is very creditable to Mr. Weatherley's intelligence and good taste.

"British Workman Almanack." London: Partridge, Paternoster-row.

This is a good sheet almanack, admirably illustrated, and abounding in instruction, especially religious instruction. It is exactly the sort of calendar adapted to an intelligent and good-purposed artisan.

"The Percy Anecdotes." Berger, 13, Catherine-street, Strand. THE second volume of Mr. Berger's new edition is now out. The paper, printing and general make up are all that can be desired, and the price brings this interesting and popular work within the reach of all readers even in the most humble circumstances.

"New Year's Annual." London: Edward Allman, Bedford-street, Strand.

THE New Year's Annual is merry and wise; there is a touch of the antique and philosophical about it. It brings forth great variety of information concerning ancient Christmas and New Year's Day usages, and applies them with excellent taste and appropriateness.

"The Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine." London: Ward, Lock and Tyler.

THIS is the January number for 1869. The conductors have done everything possible to make the New Year's number especially worthy of notice. It is wonderful how such an enormous amount of matter so well executed could be sold for so little; the plates alone are worth the money. We wish success to this excellently edited publication.

"Beeton's Dictionary of Geography." London: Ward, Lock and Tyler.

THIS universal Gazetteer contains upwards of 12,000 distinct and complete articles, illustrated by coloured maps, ancient, biblical, and modern; with several hundred engravings of the capital cities of the world, English county towns, courses of the principal rivers, and localities of general interest. The present is Part XIII., and comprises from "Vieste" to "Zambesa."

"Everyone's Almanack." Partridge, 9, Paternoster-row.

It was a pretentious name to bestow upon it, but it deserves it. It is suitable to all classes of persons, but especially heads of families. There is a brief telling motto for every month, pleasingly illustrated, a short prayer for the first day of every month, a little homily, directions for the diseases of children, for the kitchen garden, &c. The type, paper, and general "get-up" are excellent. The price of this admirable little publication is only one penny. Mr. Partridge must be a wonderful man to create so much, and so much that is excellent, for so little.

"Household Words." Conducted by Charles Dickens. Part IX.

Vol. 2. London: Ward, Lock, and Tyler.

THE Christmas articles are especially excellent, and in no rival Christmas number is the poetry so good. The following are very sweet, and altogether superior to the run of Christmas Odes and Carols.

## THE BLIND CHILD'S CAROL.

My life is in the night—  
The never-ending night—  
But my soul is not in darkness,  
And hath a starry light.

My nights are like my days—  
All never ending days—  
And to me a constant morning  
Of heaven-enfolding rays.

To me the sun and shade  
Are of one substance made,  
And one eternal glory,  
Which ne'er can fail or fade,

For on my close-seal'd eyes  
Hath Christ, in all things wise,  
Reversed the common miracle—  
And given me inward skies.

Therein His form I trace,  
In all its infant grace!—  
And pictures of His sufferings  
For all the human race!

Therein I recognise  
Earth's littleness of size,—  
And all the planet-nations  
Whom love will Christianise,

Chorus.  
Bright thoughts and hopes are now awake,  
As constant as the circling years;  
They penetrate each grief, and make  
A golden radiance of our tears.

THE SICK CHILD'S CAROL.  
You say I do not look so pale to-day,  
But in my cheek  
A rose-leaf tint begins to bloom and play,  
And I am not so weak.

It is because I see you all  
So happy at the feast—the ball—  
The merry-making in the hall.

And Christmas Eve and Christmas Day, to me  
Are very dear;  
They bring a bright and wondering memory  
Of one delightful year.

I look back through my little span,  
And thinking how its joys began,  
Forget how thin and changed I am.  
They led me—I was then a little child—  
Through a dark door,  
Into a room all hung with branches wild,  
With lights upon the floor;  
And lights above—in front—behind—  
So bright they almost made me blind,  
While other sights confused my mind.

It was the splendour of a Christmas Tree!  
With fruits thick hung,  
And glittering pictures, light, and spangled,  
The dark fir boughs among,  
While soft-toned music came—and went—  
I cried in joy's bewilderment,  
"This tree I'm sure from heaven was sent!"

Chorus.  
Bright sunny hopes are now awake,  
As constant as the circling years;  
They penetrate each grief, and make  
A golden radiance of our tears.

THE DEAF AND DUMB CHILD'S CAROL.

I cannot speak, I cannot hear,  
But I can feel and think,  
And mine eyes are filled with the joyfulness  
That hand to hand doth link,—

While round and round  
The dances bound,  
And laugh and shout—and I see the sound,  
Though silent to me  
All the noise and the glee  
Of the dance, the round-game and revelry.

Something within me strugles oft  
My happiness to tell in sounds;  
Words—words—I strive to shout, or waft,  
Along the room—across the grounds—  
And o'er the snow

As my playmates go;  
But though 'tis vain since the day of my birth,  
The voice of my mind  
Is ne'er left behind,  
And cries welcome Christmas and all its good mirth!

The faces laugh in the red fire light!  
Fingers, looks, actions, all speak to me;  
Antics and fun make a merry night,  
Till I fancy I hear the low hum of a sea,—  
A murmur and rush—

Though it ends in a hush,  
All tell me there's something outside of my ears!  
But my life's in my eyes,—  
Oh, thank God for the prize!

Which I carol at Christmas as year rolls on years!

Chorus.

Bright sunny hopes are now awake,

As constant as the circling years;

They penetrate each grief, and make

A golden radiance of our tears.

THE subscription for the testimonial proposed to be presented to General Peel on his retirement from political life now amounts to about £900.

THE King of the Belgians has, through the Belgian Vice-Consul, conferred the order of Leopold on Mr. Frederick Taylor, President of the Society of Painters in Water-colours.

A COMMITTEE of gentlemen has been formed with a view to the erection of a window in Trinity Chapel, Brighton, to the memory of the late Rev. Frederick Robertson, formerly minister of that place of worship.

THE Uffizi Museum at Florence, which possesses a collection of portraits of painters executed by themselves, has just been presented with two others, Winderhalter of Paris, and Amerling of Vienna.

MR. CARLYLE is about to issue a library edition of his entire works, carefully revised by the author. Messrs. Chapman and Hall will, of course, be the publishers.

THE veteran *Gazette de France*, about to attain its 239th year, opens a subscription for a monument to Berryer, at the head of which stands the names of his executors—M. Paul Andral, and the Comte de Falloux, followed by those of Charles X.'s ex-Minister Salvandy, the Père Gratry, &c.

THE celebrated Merrick collection of ancient armour, lent to the South Kensington Museum for public exhibition, has been removed from Goodrich Court to the galleries facing the Horticultural Gardens, lately occupied by the national portraits. The collection will be opened to the public at the end of this week.

THE BANKER AND THE PAINTER.—Much vanity and boasting may be given to a man who had rankling in his memory such instances as occurred between Audubon and the old Baron Rothschild. The bird-painter and his son Victor had a letter of introduction to the banker. They waited a few minutes in the private office. Soon a corpulent man came in with his face red from walking, and hitching up his trousers, dropped his fat body into a comfortable chair. He took no notice of them, and sat while they stood, hat in hand, and then Audubon, with a step forward and a bow, delivered his credentials. "Is this a letter of introduction or a letter of business?" "I cannot tell." The banker read it. "This is only a letter of introduction, and I expect from its contents that you are the publisher of some book or other, and need my subscription." Swallowing his indignation at this arrogant style, Audubon said, "I should be honoured by your subscription." "Sir, I never sign my name to any subscription list, but you may send in your work, and I will pay for a copy of it. Gentlemen, I am busy, and wish you good morning." A few days afterwards the first volume, half-bound, and all the published numbers were sent. Number after number was sent, and after eight or ten months the account was taken to Rothschild by Mr. Hovill, the engraver. "What! a hundred pounds for birds?" exclaimed Rothschild. "Why, sir, I will give you five pounds, and not a farthing more." The book was sent back to the engraver's shop, and afterwards sold to a Savannah merchant with a light purse and a nobler heart.

## LAW AND POLICE.

## EXTENSIVE FORGERY ON THE GOVERNMENT.

FOR some time past the detective force at Scotland-yard, under the direction of Inspector Williamson, assisted by Sergeant Palmer, have been busily occupied in tracing out a very extensive forgery on the Paymaster-General, at Whitehall.

It appears that a person of the name of M'Michen, who held a situation as clerk in the Paymaster-General's office, was discharged some months since, and must have possessed himself of some of the forms used for officers' pension warrants, as one of them was presented in the early part of October last for the sum of £866 18s. 3d., in favour of James Audrey, and duly paid by cheque on the Bank of England. The cheque was changed, and the notes so obtained were distributed about Birmingham, Bristol, Cardiff, and other places, where goods to a small amount have been purchased. Besides the man M'Michen, his brother-in-law, Joseph Sullivan, is concerned in the transaction, and two others who are now in custody in London, viz., William Ball, an accountant, living in King-street, Birmingham, and William Rutter, his clerk, who lived in Court Somers-street, Birmingham. These men have just been taken into custody by Sergeant Palmer, and it would appear that on the 19th of October all the four men mentioned were at the Shades, between Craven-street and Hungerford-bridge, when Ball handed Rutter a red-letter form and told him to go to the Paymaster-General's office in Whitehall, and he would get a cheque from there on the Bank of England in return. Sullivan and Ball had previously been out of the room for a short time. Rutter took the form as he was directed, and it was passed through the hands of the various officials, who found everything apparently correct, and a cheque, as above stated, was accordingly given. Ball and Rutter went direct to the Bank of England, and obtained notes and other change for the cheque. They returned to a coffee-house near Leicester-square and divided the proceeds, Rutter being subsequently sent, as already narrated, to various parts of the country to dispose of the notes. On Rutter's house being searched a note for £20 and four for £5, were found, also a gold watch, purchased with another £20 note, while to Ball were traced purchases of shoes, boots, shawls, and other things, all bought in Birmingham, and paid for in notes, the whole of which have been traced as the proceeds of the cheque so feloniously obtained. It has been already mentioned that Ball and Rutter are in custody, and will be forthwith brought before the police magistrates, but Sullivan and M'Michen are still at large, and it is understood are on the continent. There seems to be but slight doubt that M'Michen has been the prime mover in the transaction, and from his knowledge of official routine, and opportunity of procuring the needful form, the instigator; but how far, if at all, there has been any neglect or mismanagement, to enable such gross forgery to be so easily perpetrated on one of the principal—indeed the principal—monetary departments of the public service, will doubtless be elicited at the magisterial investigation.

## MAY AND DECEMBER—AN ILL-SORTED PAIR.

HARRIET BEALE, a good-looking young woman, apparently about twenty-three years of age, was summoned before Mr. D'Eyncourt, at the Marylebone Police-court, for threatening to do her husband serious and grievous bodily harm.—The case caused a deal of amusement and laughter in a crowded court.

The husband was a septuagenarian, while the wife was strong and healthy young woman. There did not seem to have been a good understanding between the parties generally, and the cause of the present outbreak was a dispute on the part of the husband as to the amount of a charge made by the baker for bread supplied at their residence, 9, Charles-street, Portman-square. The husband is agent for the Sheffield Brewery Company, and has resided in the house twenty-seven years. His evidence was that when he went down to complain of the baker's over-charge, his wife struck him, and took him by the throat. She had been very violent to him on many occasions.

Defendant: He has striven to drive me to this, and unless I get the protection of this Court I am not in safety. He has gone to No. 5, Quebec-street, where he is living with a lady.

Mr. D'Eyncourt: Have you given the defendant any cause for jealousy?—Complainant: Not the least, sir. Why, bless your heart, I am as true to her as the dial to the sun. (Laughter.)

Defendant said: The baker did not charge for more bread than had been taken in. That old man (pointing to her husband) is a very great bread eater. The old devil has got a son forty-three years old. The deceitful old man when he was courting me said he was only fifty years of age, and now I find he is over seventy. He has most cruelly deceived me. Then, as regards his teeth, he pulls them out at night and goes to bed drunk, and when he gets up in the morning he often cannot find them. He dyes his hair well. He has deceived me in my young days (laughter), and I find that he is quite incapacitated.

Mr. D'Eyncourt (to complainant): Did you deceive her as regards your age?—Complainant: Yes, I did.—Defendant: He has a large family of children, and I did not know it.

Alice Bagott, the servant, said Mrs. Beale took the bill for the loaves and a half-quarter of flour, and Mr. Beale said he would see them cursed first if he would pay for them. He took up the mat and threw them into the baker's face. Not satisfied with that, he went upstairs and abused his wife, and swore he would not pay for more than four loaves instead of six. He caught her by the throat, and apparently hurt her. He asked her to strike him, and she said, "Go along, go along, you foolish old man." He then left her and called her very bad names.

Defendant: Beale is an atheist and laughs at the Bible, and wants to burn mine. He has most grossly deceived me. What with his false teeth and his hair dye, and colouring his face, he would take in anyone. (Loud laughter.)

Mr. D'Eyncourt: This is not a Divorce Court, for me to go into extraneous matter.—Defendant: I cannot be happy with a man seventy years of age. He so makes himself up that no one knows him. I can assure you that I never touched his teeth, and I am confident I never removed his hair dye. (Laughter.)—Mr. D'Eyncourt told her to go away and get some friend to interfere between them.

## WORSHIP-STREET.

THE CHRISTMAS GIFTS.—A number of men and women, most of them white-haired, some of them blind, and others very decrepit, attended before Mr. Ellison, the sitting magistrate, to receive from him the usual allowance made to them at Christmas time from the poor-box of this court. In most instances they received besides tickets for bread, soup, coals, &c., small sums, varying from 2s. 6d. to 5s., which they took with every expression of gratitude, and many thanks for the gifts. The age of the youngest of the 25 or 30 who were the recipients of the public charity was 60, and that of the eldest (a woman) 89: the aggregate age of 18 of them amounts to 1,313 years, or an average of 72 to each one.

THE LAW LORDS.—Sir G. M. Giffard, the new Lord Justice of Appeal in Chancery, will take his seat with Sir C. Selwyn on the reassembling of the Courts of Equity after the vacation. By the elevation of Lord Hatherley to the woolsack, a timely addition is made to the legal strength of the House of Peers, which has suffered during the year by the removal of Lords Brougham, Cranworth, and Wensleydale. The Court of appeal in the Upper House now consists of the Lord Chancellor, and Lords Caius, Cheynford, Colonsay, and Westbury. Lord St. Leonards, who is within a few weeks of completing his 88th year, has not for some time taken part in the judicial business in the House.

## LONDON HERALD SPHINX.

## GEOGRAPHICAL SQUARE PUZZLES.

No. 1.

1. A town in Spain and in Portugal.
2. An English town.
3. A Scottish post.
4. An island of Holland.
5. A town in France, in Belgium, and in Flanders.
6. A town in England, in Vermont, and in Virginia.
7. A province and city of Holland.
8. A town in Ireland.
9. A town in Prussia.

The central letters read downwards name an English town.

No. 2.

1. A town in Spain.
2. A town in Prussia.
3. A Welsh town.
4. An English seaport.
5. A town in Sumatra.
6. An English town.
7. A town in Ireland.
8. A town in Arabia.
9. A town in Denmark.

The central letters read downwards name a town in Scotland.

## TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

1. A small but beautiful insect.
2. A town in Herts.
3. A woman's name.
4. The name of a bird.
5. A useful domestic instrument.

The initials, second letters, and finals name three English towns.

## CLASSICAL SQUARE PUZZLES.

No. 1.

1. An Indian philosopher who burnt himself alive.
2. A renowned Athenian hero.
3. One of the Vestal virgins of Rome who was killed by shields being thrown at her.
4. Name of the earlier families of gods.
5. Mythical founder of Sestos.
6. The Suevian chief who took the city of Rome.
7. Daughter of Minos who was married by Bacchus.

The central letters, read downwards, name an exceedingly beautiful and learned woman of Miletus who it was said married a dealer of cattle.

No. 2.

1. A writer of mimes in the 5th century.
2. A river on which Romes stood.
3. The Roman name of the river Schildt.
4. An island of the Aegean Sea.
5. The legendary Grecian herald.
6. A sea god who was first only a fisherman.
7. A legendary king of Iolebos, killed by Peleus.

The central letters, read downwards, will name a son of Priam who was a prophet.

## TRANSPOSITIONS.

WORDS.	WORDS.
1. Stow a hot yam.	1. Our Cat's life.
2. Explode near pa.	2. N. Our cat's slaves.
3. John paid doses.	3. L. pay the car.
4. Peter made laws.	4. I drive a cat.
5. F. christen a carp.	5. A nice sod.
6. John wants a fit.	6. Oh, sir, take cruel
7. Carl's worst tie.	James.
8. Rowe, I will camp.	7. Lo, I'd raze it.
9. A frendly sonnet.	8. He bears out.
10. Egan began choru(s).	9. True, I rang.
11. I altered, H. I gain.	10. I cure a pen.
12. Seek a dram—drink.	11. I cure a pen.

## ANAGRAMS.

1. CO. IN A QUID TIM.—A Portuguese poet. He was originally a barber, and while working at that trade learned untaught three different languages.

2. COULD SAW A HIN.—A Scotch poet, whose principal work is designed to show the vanity of worldly greatness, and that it is only by the practice of virtue that true honour and happiness is to be found.

3. DULL MAID WON RIM.—A Scotch poet, of whose sonnets it has been remarked, that "they come as near almost as any others to the perfection of this kind of writing."

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. This dared not live in early days.
2. This is in one of Shakespeare's plays.
3. This is both part of man and boy.
4. This note in music we employ.
5. This is a German river's name.
6. This has to many gained great fame.
7. This is a word for fun we use.
- Now the first and last letters choose,
- They'll show painter of great fame,
- First Christian, and last his surname.

## CHARADE.

1. A building which caused great discord.
2. A name of creation's lord.
3. Reversed, on this lie-mall and great.
- The whole's an Asiatic strait.

## CHARADE.

I am a word of 14 letters, and contain 60 words, 30 of 3 letters each and 30 of 4 letters each. My 8, 6, 7 is used in the manufacture of leather; my 6, 7, 5 is a diminutive insect; my 5, 9, 10 is a metal; my 14, 14, 13 is the name of a fish; my 12, 9, 7 is an article used in dress; my 6, 12, 14 is a biped of the order mammalia; my 1, 6, 8 is a domestic animal; my 1, 6, 7 is a drinking vessel; my 10, 14, 8 is the fisher's best friend; my 8, 11, 12 is a toy; my 1, 6, 12 is part of your dress; my 13, 9, 14 is a falsehood; my 12, 9, 14 is poetry; my 8, 14, 7 is a number; my 5, 11, 7 is a weight; my 10, 11, 14 is a unit; my 11, 9, 13 is the produce of a whale; my 12, 6, 7 is used to wash in; my 14, 6, 8 I do at dinner; my 1, 2, 5 is a child's bed; my 4, 9, 3 is a crime; my 4, 2, 7 is an heir; my 4, 6, 12 is found in trees; my 12, 2, 5 is an article used to cook in; my 5, 14, 6 is a produce from China; my 6, 4, 4 is an animal; my 9, 1, 14 is a cold substance; my 6, 13, 14 is a fermented liquor; my 6, 1, 14 is a card; my 6, 4, 12 is a poisonous serpent; my 13, 9, 2, 7 is a noble animal; my 4, 2, 6, 12 is used for washing; my 12, 2, 12, 14 is the head of the church; my 1, 2, 6, 5 is part of your dress; we do my 12, 6, 7 after a long run; we require my 4, 13, 6, 5 after a walk; my 6, 3, 7, 14 is a lady's name; my 13, 9, 12, 4 is part of your face; my 12, 9, 3, 5 is a measure; in 13, 14, 7, 5 Jews eat fish; my 10, 2, 4, 4 is part of your face; my 5, 2, 14, 4 is part of your foot; never be 13, 6, 5, 14; when a boy I shunned my 1, 6, 3, 14; I love my 12, 9, 12, 14; my 1, 6, 12, 14 is part of a coat; my 8, 2, 13, 14 is a tax; My 12, 11, 13, 14 is a native of Poland; my 12, 2, 11, 8 is an author; my 12, 9, 13, 15 is poison; no doubt; my 8, 13, 11 is used in building; my 4, 11, 5, 13 is a safeguard; when ill we are often 12, 6, 9, 7; my 2, 6, 5, 4 is a grain; my 4, 6, 13, 5 is the produce of a mine; my 1, 2, 6, 13 are mountains; my 4, 2, 8, 8 is a manure; my 13, 6, 4, 4 is a young woman; I conclude with my 13, 6, 4, 5; and my whole is a metropolis.

## ANSWERS TO SPHINX, No. 581.

ANAGRAMS—BRITISH POETS—1. William Shakespeare—2. Oliver Goldsmith—3. Alfred Tennyson—4. Edmund Spenser—5. Robert Burns.

SIX ORIGINAL CONUNDRUMS—1. Because his greatest work was only dreaming (*Pilgrim's Progress*)—2. Because she is fond of the hymns (hymns)—3. Because it's coined (kind)—4. Because they would both soon be hitting foul (foul)—5. Because the two lips

(lips) meet.—6. Because you are averse (a verse) to him.

SIX ORIGINAL CONUNDRUMS—1. When we hear the wind whistling—2. The Floating Beacon—3. Because he's an hero (a Nero)—4. Because he earns his living by cbilling—5. Because he's a clipper.—6. Because they fall out.

ORIGINAL CHARADE—Cot-ton.

ORIGINAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC—Gladstone—Statesman: 1. GRASS.—2. LOST.—3. AFRICA.—4. DEBT.—5. STONE.—6. TEARS.—7. OPIUM.—8. NEVA.—9. EVEN.

ORIGINAL ENIGMA—Health.

CHARADE—Shy-lock.

ENIGMA—Sens.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC—Lark—Wren: Law, Air, Rip, Kite.

ularly the latter; thereby regulating the circulation rendering the skin clear and healthy, and giving that tone and vigour to the whole system without which life can scarcely be said to be enjoyed. In BURNS, SCALDS, CORNS, BRUISES, Old PHAGEDÆNIC WOUNDS, &c., it has likewise no equal; and as a cosmetic for the toilet or nursery, in removing BLOTCHES, PIMPLES, DISCOLORATIONS, and those cutaneous eruptions incidental to children and young people (used in solution), its properties cannot be over-estimated; it is, therefore, recommended to the heads of families, and especially to mothers and nurses, who, by its habitual and judicious use upon those under their care, will prevent many of those diseases which become, in the course of years, engrafted, as it were, into the system, and often supposed to be hereditary.

For BATHING, to the adult—if before taking a bath it be well rubbed in—it will be found a perfect luxury being as delicate as the finest Eau de Cologne, thoroughly cleansing the skin—the pores of which, from our habits of clothing, &c., are liable to become stopped, thus obstructing the escape of the fluids before alluded to, and inducing a numerous class of diseases; indeed, three-fourths of those with which mankind is afflicted are attributable to this cause alone; the fluids known as sensible and insensible or gaseous perspiration, being as unfit to be thrown back upon the system, to be used a second time, as is the air which has been once ejected from the lungs, which, it is well known, cannot be breathed again and again without becoming destructive to health, and very speedily even to life itself; and those fluids must be thrown back if nature be resisted in her efforts to dispose of them, which, in civilised life, is unquestionably the case; hence arise indigestion, headache, loss of appetite, languor or debility, stupor, restlessness, faintings, evil forebodings, inaptitude for business or pleasure, and those diseases already enumerated, which the savage knows not of; these may be mostly, if not entirely, obviated by proper attention to the state of the skin. And here it should be remarked, how erroneous is the notion entertained by many, that when they have washed themselves, or taken a bath, that everything necessary has been done—the fact being, that water will have little or no effect in dissolving the incrustation, so to speak, of the dried or obstructed perspiration. It is therefore recommended that a little of the Medicated Cream be used daily, or at all events before washing or taking a bath.

Numbers of the Nobility, Clergy, and charitable persons are now using their endeavours to make its wonderful properties known, and distribute it largely to the poor. It is pronounced by all to be the purest and most innocent, at the same time the most efficacious article known, and no doubt exists of its shortly becoming the universal Family Medicament.

The Proprietor would particularly impress upon the public the fact, that it does not in the slightest degree partake of the nature of CREAMS, ordinarily so called, nor of those greasy applications known as OINTMENTS or SALVES, the use of which is repugnant to every feeling of delicacy, but on the contrary, is as delicate in its use as the finest Eau de Cologne.

As many of the Diseases are much aided by the derangement of the Digestive Organs, great additional benefit would be derived from taking the Pills described below, and which are therefore recommended.

SOLE MANUFACTURER AND PROPRIETOR J. STAPLES, Successor to

M E A S A M & C O.,

13, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

(Removed from 238, Strand, and Bedford Street, Covent Garden),

By whom they are Sold, Wholesale and Retail, in Pots, at 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d., also in Family Jars, at 1s. and 2s. each. The 2s. Family Jars are sent free to all parts of the kingdom. The 2s. 9d. Pot contains three; the 4s. 6d., six; the 1s., sixteen; and the 2s. thirty-four of the 1s. 1d. Pots. Should the Cream become Dry or Hard, Soften with a little Water, it will have lost none of its effects.

M E A S A M ' S

HEALTH RESTORATIVE & REGULATING PILLS

UNIVERSAL FAMILY MEDICINE.

Every Head of a Family or School must be aware how advantageous it is to be provided with, or to have in their possession, a remedy, or a cheap, ready, and certain means of cure for nearly every case of illness, to which all, rich and poor, old and young, are hourly subjected—brought on sometimes by the changes of the weather, the food we eat, the drink we take, troubles, fear, or anxiety,—either of which, separately or combined, cause a general derangement of the Digestive Organs and other functions of the human body; thus producing disease and complaints of every kind, which, being neglected in their early stages, progress and proceed until the complaint or disease assume or partake of such a serious character that they become very difficult, and in many cases past a cure—in fact, in many of them ending in death; whereas, by an early application of a simple and inexpensive remedy, the disorder might be stopped in its early stages, and the cause of the complaint be entirely removed or cured, agreeably to the old adage, "A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE."

The virtues of which have long been known as a certain preventative and cure for maladies and complaints named as follows:

These Pills are entirely free from Mercury or any other mineral matter, and are purely Vegetable in their composition. Being prepared under the sanction of the highest Medical authority of the land, they are safely and most strongly recommended to all persons suffering from—

Asthma, Ague, Bowel Complaints, Bilious Complaints, Blotches on the Skin, Constipation of the Bowels, Consumption, Colic, Cold, Dropsey, Debility, Dysentery, Erysipelas, Fevers, Fits, Female Complaints of all kinds, Gout, Headache, Inflammation, Indigestion, Jaundice, Liver Complaints, Loss of Appetite, Lumbar, Nervous Complaints, Piles, Retention of Urine, Rheumatism, Stone or Gravel, Scrofula or Evil, Sore Throats, Tumours, Tic Doloureux, Ulcers, Worms, Weakness from any cause, &c., &c., &c., who will find great Benefit before they have used a single Box.

Emigrants, Sailors, Soldiers, or persons travelling will do wisely in providing themselves with a Stock for no person should be without them, as they are good for any climate.

Bone Manufacturers and Proprietor, J. STAPLES,

Successor to

M E A S A M & C O.,

13, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. By whom they are Sold, Wholesale and Retail, in Boxes, with Full Directions, at 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d.; also in Family Boxes at 1s. and 2s. each. The 2s. 9d. Box contains three, the 4s. 6d. contain six 1s. 1d., the 1s. sixteen 1s. 1d. boxes, and so on in proportion to the larger sizes.

Also by BARCLAY, EDWARDS, SUTTON, NEWBERRY, BUTLER, SANGER, DIETRICHSEN and HANNAT, LONDON; BOLTON and BLANCHARD, YORK; CROSKELL, YORK; CAMPBELL and TAYLOR, GLASGOW; EVANS, EXETER; GAMIS and HUNT, YEOVIL; RAIMES and CO., EDINBURGH, LIVERPOOL, and YORK; and RETAIL by all Medicine Vendors in Town or Country, with full directions.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS should find a place in every household where health is the first and chiefest consideration. They act as direct purifiers of the system, and instantaneous regulators of disordered functions of the skin, stomach, liver, kidneys, and bowels. The medicine improves the appetite, and satisfactorily improves digestion.

## HER OWN AVENGER.

## NEW TRAGIC STORY.

## HER OWN AVENGER.

READ

## HER OWN AVENGER.

## THE NEW TRAGICAL TALE.

## CHRISTMAS PART.

## B O W B E L L S.

## PART LIII. for JANUARY,

Containing Extra Christmas Number.

With which is presented, gratis,

A COLOURED STEEL ENGRAVING OF THE FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH. Drawn and Coloured by Hant, in Paris.

Contents of Christmas Number:—

An Original Tale, of a novel character, entitled,

THE FATAL GIFT ... In Five Chapters.

Written by Five Authors, and Illustrated by Five Artists.

Chapter I. ... By C. H. Ross.

Illustrated ... By F. Gibert.

" II. ... By Francis Derrick.

" III. ... By Mrs. Crow.

" IV. ... By G. R. Robertson.

" V. ... By Mrs. Cooper.

" VI. Conclusion ... By P. Skelton.

POEM: CHARIMA'S EVE ... By C. H. Ross.

With an Illustration By Alfred Crowquill.

Fairy Tale: WILD BEE AND HIS FRIEND WHIZ-WHIZ ... By Ada Buisson.

With an Illustration By E. H. Corbould.

Christmas Tale: LOFTA'S LOCKS ... By Tom Hood.

With an Illustration By Adelaide Claxton.

RIDDLES, CHARADES, ENIGMAS, FOR CHRISTMAS ... By H. J. St. Leger.

## GENERAL CONTENTS:—

A New Tragical Story, entitled "HER OWN AVENGER." By Eliza Winstanley. Illustrated by L. Huard.

PANSY EYES: A Tale for the New Year. By the Author of "Monksholm," &amp;c. Illustrated by Adelaid Claxton.

A New Domestic Tale of powerful interest, illustrating the Life of a Poacher, entitled—

BADLESHERE KNOLL. By the author of "Castletower," "Captain Gerald," &amp;c. With four Illustrations by F. Gilbert.

The New and Original Series of RHINE LEGENDS. By G. R. Robertson. Illustrated by W. H. Prior.

## FINE ART ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Young Trumpeter. The Chela Pensioners Reading the "Gazette" of the Battle of Waterloo. December.—The Angel appearing to the Shepherds.

## LIVES OF THE BRITISH QUEENS.

Katherine of Arragon, First Queen of Henry the Eighth.

## ESSAYS.

The Sentiments

**THREE SEWING MACHINES  
COMBINED IN ONE!!!**

**WHEELER & WILSON'S**

*The most perfect Sewing Machines in the World.*

MAKING THE LOCK-STITCH AT

The rate of 1,000 per Minute.

Also with an extra Attachment,

**THE TWO-THREAD CHAIN-STITCH,**

And the New

**THREE-THREAD EMBROIDERY STITCH  
FOR ORNAMENTAL SEWING**

Price of Attachment ..... 30s.

**WHEELER & WILSON'S  
BUTTON-HOLE MACHINES.**

1,000 Holes made per Day!

PROSPECTUS POST-FREE.

139, REGENT STREET,  
AND  
43, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

**THE ONE WINE COMPANY (Limited),**  
115, Cannon-street, London, E.C.,  
Opposite the Railway Station.

The only bottlers of Wine and Spirits in imperial measure.

**PORT**, 12s. per dozen, imperial pints :

Pure, wholesome, natural Wine.

**PORT**, from 12s. to 160s. per dozen :

Old crusted, finest vintages.

**SHERRY**, 12s. per dozen, imperial pints :

Pure, wholesome, natural Wine.

**SHERRY**, from 12s. to 96s. per dozen :

Gold and Pale, rich and dry, Amontillado,

Solera, Montilla.

**CLARET**, 9s. per dozen, imperial pints

A delicious, delicate Wine.

**CLARET**, from 9s. to 96s. per dozen :

St. Julien, La Rose, Chateau Lafitte.

**BURGUNDY**. Sauterne, Chablis.

**CHAMPAGNE** (Fleur de Bouzy), 36s. per dozen

quarts :

A thorough connoisseur's Wine, unequalled at

the price in the market.

**CHAMPAGNE** (Vin Natural), 72s. per dozen :

1857 Vintage, of extraordinary and unrivalled dryness.

**SPRITS.**

**BRANDY**, Pale or Brown, Pure Cognac—

36s. pr dozen quarts, or 16s. 9d. per gallon.

**RUM**, finest Jamaica—

30s. per dozen quarts, or 12s. 9d. per gallon.

**WHISKEY**, Scotch and Irish—

36s. per dozen quarts, or 16s. 9d. per gallon.

**GIN**, the finest quality—

24s. per dozen quarts, or 10s. 9d. per gallon.

**HOLLANDS** or **GENEVA**, 32s. per dozen.

**THE ONE WINE COMPANY (Limited)**, sell a SINGLE BOTTLE at Wholesale Prices, and make No Charge for Bottles.

Price Lists of all Wines and Spirits sent free on application.

Cheques to be crossed Glyn and Co. Post-office Orders payable to W. Sheppard.

**KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY & COGNAC BRANDY.** — This celebrated OLD IRISH WHISKY rivals the finest French Brandy. It is pure, mild, mellow, delicious, and very wholesome. Sold in bottles, 3s. 8d., at most of the respectable retail houses in London, by the appointed agents in the principal towns of England, or wholesale at 3, Great Windmill Street, London, W. Observe the red seal, pink label and cork branded "Kinahan's LL Whisky."

**THE EXCELLENCE OF PREPARED COCOA.** **BARRY and COMPANY'S PREPARED COCOA.**

Sold by all Grocers.

In Packets—One Shilling per Pound.

**BARRY and COMPANY'S PREPARED COCOA.**

Delicious to the palate and invigorating to the system.

In Packets—One Shilling per Pound.

**BARRY and COMPANY'S PREPARED COCOA.**

Has no attractive name but quality to recommend it.

In Packets—One Shilling per Pound.

**BARRY and COMPANY'S PREPARED COCOA.**

Made instantaneously with boiling water.

In Packets—One Shilling per Pound.

**BARRY and COMPANY'S PREPARED COCOA.**

Observe on each packet the trade mark, a crown, and manufacturer's address.

FINSBURY STEAM MILLS, LONDON.

35s. "THE WONDER." 35s.  
**CHEAPEST SEWING MACHINE IN  
THE WORLD.**

Makes the Elastic Stitch, will Hem, Seam, Bind, Quilt, Embroider, and all household sewing.

Guaranteed 12 months.—Catalogues free.

J. A. KNIGHT & Co., 42, Hanway-street, Oxford-street, London.

**THE EXCELSIOR FAMILY SEWING  
MACHINE.** Price 6 guineas. List Free.

**THE ALBERTA NEW LOCK-STITCH  
MACHINE.** Price 6 guineas.

**THE NEW HAND LOCK-STITCH  
MACHINE.** With the Latest Improvements. Price 4 guineas.

(No Lady should purchase without seeing the above.)

**WHIGHT & MANN,**

148, HOLBORN HILL, LONDON.

**THE SINGER NEW  
FAMILY SEWING MACHINES,  
WITH PATENT TUCK MARKER,**  
Are World Renowned.  
**FOR DOMESTIC USE,  
DRESSMAKING, SHIRT AND COLLAR  
WORK, &c.**  
CATALOGUES POST FREE.  
(Agents in every Town.)  
Chief Office in the United Kingdom,  
147, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.

**DO YOU WISH YOUR CHILDREN  
WELL DRESSED?** Boys' Knickerbocker Suits in Cloth from 1s. 9d.; Useful School Suits from 1s. 9d. Patterns of the Cloth, directions for measurement, and forty-nine engravings of new dresses, post free.—NICHOLSON'S, 50 to 52, St. Paul's Churchyard.

**J. P. DONALD & CO.**  
(LATE STAMMERS, DONALD, & CO.),  
**FASHIONABLE TAILORS,**  
64, Strand, and 2, Aldgate.

**DONALD'S 12s. 6d. TROUSERS.**  
Unrivalled.

**DONALD'S SUITS for the HIGHLANDS,  
FORTY-TWO SHILLINGS.**  
Not to be excelled.

**DONALD'S FROCK COAT, 33s. 6d.**  
With Watered Silk facings.  
A LARGE STOCK ALWAYS READY  
of every description of Garment.  
Fit and Quality guaranteed.  
64, STRAND, AND 2, ALDGATE.

Post free, Seven Stamps.

**MUSICAL BIJOU.** CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

CONTENTS.

1 MARRIOT'S "Jolly King Christmas Quadrille."

2 MUGRAVE'S "Pretty Jemima Wa'tz"

3 JULLIEN'S Celebrated "British Army Quadrille."

(Easily Arranged.)

4 MONTGOMERY'S "Orpheus Galop."

5 GASTON DE LILLE'S "Winter's Night Polka."

6 CASSIDY'S POPULAR "BURLESQUE GALOP."

METZLER and Co., 37, Great Marlborough Street, W.

**METZLER AND CO.'S MUSICAL BIJOU.**

NEW AND ENLARGED SERIES.

In Numbers, 6d. each; post free, Seven Stamps.

\* \* \* These works have been most carefully edited, and will be found as correct as the high-priced Music.

Printed from bold type, on good paper, in handsome

wrapper.

No

23 DANCE MUSIC (CHRISTMAS NUMBER), containing, "Jol King Christmas Quadrille," "Pretty Jemima Wa'tz," "British Army Quadrille" (easily arranged), "Orpheus Galop," "Winter's Night Polka," and the popular "Burlesque Galop."

12 TWENTY POPULAR SCOTCH SONGS (Second Selection).

21 EIGHT PIANOFORTE PIECES, including some of Mendelssohn's popular "Lieder ohne Worte."

20 EIGHT PIANOFORTE PIECES, ditto, ditto.

19 SEVEN PIANOFORTE PIECES by Mendelssohn, Schumann, Favarre, &c.

18 NINE PIANOFORTE PIECES.

17 EIGHT PIANOFORTE PIECES by Benedict, Heller, Leybach, &c.

16 EIGHT PIANOFORTE PIECES by Popular Composers.

15 TWELVE PIANOFORTE PIECES by Heller, Schumann, Bedzawaska, Voss, &c.

14 TWENTY POPULAR SCOTCH SONGS (First Selection).

13 FIFTEEN POPULAR SACRED SONGS (Third Selection). (Including Songs by Miss Lindsay, Stephen Glover, &c.)

12 TWENTY POPULAR SACRED SONGS (Second Selection).

11 FIFTY POPULAR HYMNS.

10 TWENTY POPULAR ANTHEMS.

9 THIRTEEN CHRISTY MINSTRELS' COMIC SONGS (Fourth Selection).

8 TWELVE CHRISTY MINSTRELS' SONGS (Third Selection).

7 TWELVE SACRED VOCAL DUETS.

6 FIFTEEN POPULAR COMIC SONGS.

5 TWENTY POPULAR SACRED SONGS (First Selection).

4 THIRTEEN CHRISTY MINSTRELS' SONGS (Second Selection).

3 FOURTEEN CONTRALTO SONGS, Sung by Madame Sainton-Dolby.

2 NINE BARITONE SONGS, Sung by Mr. Santley. (Including "O Mistress Mine," by Arthur Sullivan).

1 TWELVE CHRISTY MINSTRELS' SONGS (First Selection).

London : METZLER and Co., 37, Great Marlborough Street, W.

**SECOND HAND HARMONIUMS,**  
By Alexandre, nearly, if not quite, as good

as New. A Large Stock lately Returned from

Hire.

METZLER AND CO.,  
GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, LONDON, W.

**PIANOFORTES ON EASY TERMS  
OF PURCHASE.**

**MOORE AND MOORE LET on HIRE**

the following PIANOFORTES

FOR THREE YEARS,

after which, and without any further charge whatever

THE PIANOFORTE BECOMES THE  
PROPERTY OF THE HIRER.

PIANOFORTES, 2s. guineas per quarter; Piccolos, 8 guineas per quarter; Cottage Pianos, 1s. 10s. per quarter;

Drawing-room Model Cottage, 2s. 17s. per quarter;

HARMONIUMS ON EASY TERMS OF PURCHASE.

Price Lists Free.

Carriage Free to all parts of the Kingdom.

EXTENSIVE WARE-ROOMS,

104 AND 105, BISHOPSGATE-STREET, WITHIN, E.C.

DICKS'S BYRON

LORD BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS

with Life and Portrait, and Sixteen Illustrations, uniform with

DICKS'S S H A K E S P E A R E

SEVENPENCE; post free, 3d. extra.

\* \* \* May be had, beautifully bound, 1s. 2d.

Cases to bind the above, price Sixpence each.

London : J. Dicks, 318, Strand. All booksellers.

**MADAME MAYER,**  
FRENCH MILLINER, &c., &c.

Ladies' Materials Cut and Made in the first Paris Style, and on the most Moderate Terms. A specialite to which MADAME MAYER carefully devotes herself is the General Improvement of the Figure, an art so often lost sight of in the practice of Dress and Mantle Making.

"\* \* \* A Few Remarks to Ladies upon Dress" by Madame Mayer, sent post-free on receipt of Three Stamps.

MADAME MAYER,  
14, CAROLINE-STREET, BEDFORD-SQ., W.C.

**PEACHEY'S  
PIANOFORTES LENT ON HIRE,  
FOR ANY PERIOD,**

OR THREE YEARS PURCHASE  
SYSTEM.

The largest assortment in London of every description

and price.

For SALE, HIRE, EXCHANGE, or EXPORT.

\* \* \* New Grand Pianofortes Lent on Hire for Con-

certs, Lectures and Public Dinners.